THE KING AND COWLEY DIVORCE SCANDALS.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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"SNOOKERED."

Lord Lansdowne (to Mr. Bonar Law) : "Can you do it, Bonar ?" The Unionist Leader : "Wait and See."

Modern Man

No. 221. Week ending January 25. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

PRINCE ARTHUR FURNISHES KING GEORGE WITH THE FULL STORY OF THE COWLEY DIVORCE SCANDALS.

King George is in possession of all the details of the coming matrimonial causes in which the ubiquitous and "owdacious" Earl Cowley is to figure for the third and fourth times. Several other scandals of Society have lately engaged His Majesty's attention—one of them having a curious personal interest for His Majesty, for the erring lady is no other than the wife of a popular naval captain whom King George met as a boy, and betrayed an almost lover-like concern for.

How many people, by-the-way, know that King George knows more of the secret history of Society than any man living. His Majesty has no curiosity whatever in regard to the private affairs of well-known people; but it is part of the duty of the courtiers to keep His Majesty perfectly posted in the doings, public and private, of those who are on the Lord Chamberlain's list.

The Lord Chamberlain's Duty.

King Edward, of course, made no pretence to not being interested in the lives of the people having the *entree* to Buckingham Palace. His Majesty was a *bon viveur* who thoroughly enjoyed the pranks that Fate played with many of the eminent people whom he met. It used to be said that the late Sir George Lewis knew more of the secrets of Society than any man, but that statement was wrong.

Thousands of black sheep and erring lambs from Society's fold came before the critical purview of King Edward who never came to the ears of Sir George Lewis, for the simple reason that legal cognisance was never requested.

It is the Lord Chamberlain's duty to keep thoroughly *au fait* of all occurrences of an unpleasant character in the under-world of Society. Upon him rests the onus of keeping the *entrées* at the Palace free from association with undesirable persons, among whom a whole crowd of unprincipled company promoters—including an earl of the noblest blood in Britain—are always endeavouring to get received once more at a *levée*, and thus re-established for all time in the opinion of "the best people."

Amongst the well-known persons who are not received at either Buckingham Palace or St. James's is the aforesaid Lord Cowley, and the details of the latest Society scandal have been imparted to His Majesty by no less an authority than Prince Arthur of Connaught, who has brought them to the King's ears straight from the roof-tree of the Wilsons in Yorkshire, where the whole story was disclosed to His Royal Highness.

A Mother's Sympathy with Daughter-in-Law.

We are also in full possession of the incidents which are to be revealed to His Majesty's President of the Admiralty, Probate and Divorce Division shortly; but we, of course, are unable for obvious reasons to say one word on the two causes until they are publicly revealed.

One striking fact, however, will give our readers some notion of where the kinks lay in the trouble between Earl Cowley and his charming and sportive Countess. We are able to state that the young Countess, in spite of her affair with Lord Cowley when she was still Lady Hartopp, has the entire sympathy of Lord Cowley's aged mother, the Dowager Countess Cowley. A month ago Lord Cowley's wife gave her mother-in-law a full narrative of her husband's goings-on in person at the Dowager Countess's residence in the Isle of Wight, where she has resided alone for many years. Old Lady Cowley has, in fact, given her son up for good and all. With tears in her eyes, she pleaded with him to "go straight" and save the family escutcheon from further besmirchment after his return from the war in South Africa, where he went when his first wife had divorced him, and his Lordship promised his broken-hearted mother that he would "reform."

But Lord Cowley had not met Lady Hartopp then! It was in the Melton country that they met, and Cupid quickly proceeded to make ducks and drakes of Lord Cowley's good resolutions. Lady Hartopp was a golden-haired beauty, with a superb figure, heaps o' money, very unaffected, and one of the keenest hunting women in England.

The Romance of Gaddesby Hall.

She had quarrelled with her husband, a Yorkshire baronet, and in her loneliness her heart warmed to the young Peer, whose experience of matrimony had been such a dismal failure. Lady Hartopp had started a hunting establishment "on her own" at Gaddesby Hall, and there the budding love of this truly Nimrodian couple developed into a serious passion. When the tongue of scandal began to grow too loud to be tolerated, Lady Hartopp decided to appeal to her husband to make a divorce possible, but with the proviso that Sir Charles Hartopp should place evidence of *his* adultery in his wife's hands.

This was what you might call "adding insult to injury" with a vengeance, and the baronet, albeit he was painfully hard up, jibbed. But his wife was determined to be "Countess Cowley" at all costs, so she touched her unfeeling hubby on his rawest spot. She offered him a sum of twenty thousand pounds if he would have a little flirtation with a certain lady and allow himself to be "caught in the act!"

What Happened at Colombo.

It was a bold offer. And it was as boldly rejected! Only a Yorkshire woman could have made it; only a "Tike" could have rejected it when that £20,000 spelt relief from the greatest of all crimes—Poverty. But if Sir Charles Hartopp would not thus sully an escutcheon which can boast the bloody hand for three hundred years, he did the next best thing. He filed a petition against his wife on account of Lord Cowley, and thus did things "on the square."

But Lady Hartopp turned the tables upon him. She held him up to the limelight with such vengeance that Sir Charles failed to get his decree. (His own acquaintance with Cupid's darts was a trifle too picturesque!) So things remained for a time as they were.

However, Lord Cowley and Lady Hartopp were now desperate. His Lordship by this time had established himself at Gaddesby Hall as "the man of the house."

Sir Charles Hartopp was thereby compelled to make "an honest man" of himself, as well as "an honest woman" of his wife. This time he was successful, and the baronet and his wife were at last free. Then Lord Cowley and Lady Hartopp did a pretty thing. His Lordship gave out that he was going off on a big-game shooting expedition in Africa, and Lady Hartopp (being in bad odour with her

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

father, who was then Mr. Charles Wilson, and had not yet secured his Peerage as Lord Nunburnholme) went off with her brother and sister for a long tour in the East.

Dame Rumour *Not* a Lying Jade.

I well remember watching the Wilsons in the Galle Face Hotel, at Colombo, on the day of their arrival. They "tiffined" alone, and kept to themselves. All Colombo was soon talking of "Topps" and "Bundle," but nobody suspected the interesting *denouement* which was to follow.

One day a smart, fresh-faced youngster turned up in the hotel. He also "tiffined," alone, and appeared to have no knowledge of the Wilsons. It was all very prettily done.

One morning the youngster, to the surprise of all the hotel people, was seen "tiffining" with the Wilsons, and within a very few minutes it went round the dining room that the youngster was no other than Henry Arthur Mornington Wellesley Earl Cowley, and the blonde-haired and buxom damsel who was chatting so merrily with him over their dahl curry and "Bombay duck" was no other than Lady Hartopp.

And presently it turned out that the lady was now *Countess Cowley*—and before the Galle Face could recover its composure it was rumoured that the couple had been married that morning at the office of the Registrar-General. And for once Dame Rumour was not a lying jade.

Breaking Up the Happy, Happy Home (?)

Ever since then Lord and Lady Cowley have resided at a pleasant box near Oakham, called Cold Overton, and gone in for hunting *pur et simple*. That it wasn't always "Cold" Overton, however, the public will soon learn. In view of the coming crisis, which has been on the tapis for some time—many efforts being made in the interim to patch things up—his Lordship has sold his entire stud of horses, and the "To Let" boards are up at Cold Overton.

Fortunately, his Lordship got good prices for his eleven horses, and is the better off by nearly two thousand pounds. Old Lady Cowley is dreadfully disgusted that the title should be dragged through so much more mire, and she has gone off to Monte Carlo, where she will stay with her late noble husband's sister, Lady Feodorowna Bertie, whose husband is, of course, British Ambassador in Paris. Lord Cowley's son by his first wife, Lord Dangan, is playing a small part in the "Sunshine Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre at a salary of two pounds ten shillings a week.

Princess Pat Scents a Real-Life Romance.

Talking of the Cowleys reminds me that a romance of almost fairy-tale charm is just now the chief subject of gossip amongst the stately folk about the Court. Lord Cowley's aunt, Lady Eva Wellesley, married Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, and one of the old Lord Wemyss's nieces is Miss Evelyn Pelly, the charming young lady—though she isn't so very young now—who for so many years has been the schoolmate and playfellow of the Connaught girls.

Miss Pelly is a great sportswoman, and has played golf with Princess Pat and the Crown Princess of Sweden on the links of half a dozen continents. She went out with the only unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Canada a year or two ago, and ever since she has been the idol of the Viceregal household in consequence of her being suspected of being "in love." And the suspicion has turned out to be a true one.

Miss Pelly was the more sure a target for Princess Pat's wit, owing to her having often averred that she never intended to marry—(just like every other girl, until the right man turns up)—but Princess Pat refused to take the romance as a joke any longer, lest out of loyalty to herself her old friend might make a hash of her life.

Duchess of Connaught Compels Her Lady-in-Waiting to "Own Up."

Miss Pelly is a very susceptible young lady, and for long she kept her secret locked in her own breast. But Princess Pat wheedled and coaxed and threatened, until at last her "beloved Evelyn" told her little story. She had fallen in love right enough, and had "got it badly."

And the name of the happy man? For weeks Miss Pelly would not say who he was. Of course, it didn't occur to "beloved Evelyn" that all the world—which, in the case of the Connaught ménage, is Rideau Hall, Ottawa—were talking of the romance from morning to night, and chipping the happy lover upon his good luck at every turn.

At last the Duchess of Connaught decided that Evelyn ought not to keep her swain in doubt any longer, and that

I've made up my mind to marry Lord Foppingdon.
Don't you think you had better make up your face as well, dear.

THERE IS PLENTY OF FUN IN OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

a public announcement must be made. The Duchess is the kindest-hearted of women, and has the most tender admiration for "beloved Evelyn's" delicacy, and it was only under the most provoking circumstances—the happy couple sleighing together with their Excellencies, and afraid to speak for fear of giving themselves away—that the Duchess was brought to mention the matter in any authoritative way.

Then the Duchess fell ill with appendicitis, and only under the stress of having to leave the Viceregal residence for the hospital in view of a possible operation, did she decree that no suspicion of scandal must be tolerated in her absence.

So Evelyn Pelly was brought to book, and she owned up that the man she loved was no other than the Duke's old friend and comrade, Captain Rivers Bulkeley.

All Ends Happily.

It is not too much to say that the Duchess of Connaught has been considerably helped in her illness by this delightful romance. Captain Bulkeley has been with the Connaughts for many years—ever since, in fact, they were in Malta.

He was with the Mintos in India, and is now the Duke's Equerry in Canada. A real good fellow, his attachment to the Duke is no less sincere than is Evelyn Pelly's for Princess Pat and the Duchess.

Needless to say, Miss Pelly has had a lot of wigging over her little love-story, and the way she tried to keep it dark when half Canada was talking about it. Already the arrangements for a very pretty semi-Royal wedding in the spring are being made.

* * *

Lonely London.

A countryman, settled in the capital for some few years, was asked: "What, in your experience and opinion, is the most striking characteristic of London life?" "Its lonliness," he replied, without hesitation, proceeding to explain: "I mean its possible loneliness; its available loneliness, so to speak if one wants to be lonely. If anybody desires to live 'the solitary life' he can live it in London as he can live it in no country town, large or small." "But suppose instead that he wants to live a social life?" his questioner went on. "Then London is still the place for him," answered the man from the country, "for its opportunities and facilities of social intercourse are naturally more numerous and more comprehensive than are to be found in any less cosmopolitan kind of place. The talk about the loneliness of London as the necessary and inevitable experience of newcomers is all nonsense. A stranger in the metropolis may have to make the first advance, or show that he would welcome one, but surely that's as easy as putting a penny in the slot, while the result is quite as sure. Let him signal for friends, and he won't be long without them in friendly London."

We commend these remarks to the consideration of those who are reviving in the Press the old complaint of the aloofness and frigidity of Londoners. The point is that a man or a family can live to himself or themselves in London, but need not do so. London is at once the most lonely and the most social city in the world. Life in it is very much what individual residents choose to make it.

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A Tramcar "Trespasser."

A question of considerable public interest was raised in Southwark County Court last week, when a lady claimed to recover damages from the L.C.C. for personal injuries caused by being jerked off one of their tramcars. In the act of lifting a child into the car, she had slipped on to its platform, but without any intention of travelling in it herself. It was very ingeniously argued that as she wasn't a passenger, and had received no permission or invitation to board the vehicle, she was in law a trespasser, and as such had no claim.

The Judge preferred that the novel and important point raised by this contention should be settled by a superior court, whose decision will establish a precedent.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw protests, or pretends to protest, against the inopportune applause of the thoughtless in theatres. Were it not for the inopportune applause of the thoughtless in theatre and out of theatres, Mr. Shaw's reputation would not long survive his self-advertisements.

* * *

Boys' Literature.

At the meeting of the English Association, Mr. Percy Simpson read a thoughtsome paper on the "Value of the Plain Text in the Literature Lesson," dealing especially with the difficulties which combined to make effective progress with the average boy so hard a task. The lecturer believed the first and most formidable of these difficulties to be the boy's lack of a proper vocabulary, and defined as "a powerful factor in this development of ignorance" the number of to-day's boys' magazines filled with short, exciting, and amusing stories, carefully written down to the level of boy-readers, and often full of slang.

Mr. Simpson would have been justified had he also animadverted on the blood-thirsty and blood-curdling illustrations that disfigure so many of the boys' magazines he referred to.

As a matter of fact, there are more juvenile "penny dreadfuls" than ever—only they are issued now by big firms, puffed as healthy literature, and priced, as regards many or most of them, at a half-penny. Their stories mark a long drop from the tales of Captain Mayne Reid, Marryat and Fennimore Cooper, or from the modern classics of G. A. Henty and Robert Overton.

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Hell for a £5 Note

When clergymen try to say something smart for the sake of being sensational, they often make a mess of it. For instance, thus spoke the Rev. J. G. McCormick, Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, at the Annual Gathering of Evangelical Clergymen at the Mildmay Conference Hall: "Men made the mistake of thinking that everything could be bought with money, including Heaven, whereas nothing durable could be bought with money except Hell, which could easily be purchased for a £5 note."

If nothing under a £5 note will do it, let the impecunious rejoice that they haven't got one!

* * *

"Mixed" Bathing.

The custom of "mixed bathing" at public baths is growing, the Camberwell Borough Council being the latest local authority to sanction and adopt the practice. Before doing so, the Council consulted a number of metropolitan and provincial authorities with experience of mixed bathing, and these were unanimously in favour thereof, stating generally that, in the first place, there had been no complaints on the score of improprieties, and secondly that the custom had proved a success monetarily.

Our Departmental Note: The "Head" of the Firm.

£250 WAITING TO BE WON FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

mits for Pistol Possessors.

ur strongly expressed opinion as to ent need for a new Act regulating the and possession of small firearms has n echoed lately by judges, magis-es, and coroners, and in the hope to g such pressure to bear on the Home etary as to compel him to reconsider recent decision.

urchasing the other Saturday a lver and cartridges—of course, with-he slightest impediment—a chartered untant of West Hampstead shot him-on the following Monday in an up n from Orpington. Incidentally, he e within a few inches of killing her besides himself, for a bullet from train crashed through the window house it was passing, and whizzed close to a lad's head. On the sug-ion of the Coroner, his jury recom-ded "that more stringent regulations nforced in connection with the sale evolvers," the former adding that he ght it would be better if the sale of such weapons was prohibited alto-er in the case of casual customers, limited to people with police permits.

ing to Murder.

the case of the black woman who a white woman in mistake, as she ged, for her own white husband, we t agree with the legal reasoning h reduced the crime from murder to slaughter. The killing of her hus-l, it was argued, would have been slaughter, because of special pro-tion (even this we query, in the cir-stances of the case)—as she missed and killed somebody else, that also manslaughter. But it is an axiom in aw that if a person does an unlawful and in so doing perpetrates a more us offence, he is guilty of that more us offence.

e point involved, in its application to this instance, is of great nicety and peculiar difficulty. Had the ruling ave quoted been accepted and insisted on, the negress s would have had to stand her chance on the capital ge. As things happened, she got off with five years. wonder she received her sentence smilingly.

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. Montgomery, secretary of the Society for the Propa-n of the Gospel, has asked for his salary to be reduced s family has now grown up. He evidently thinks he has the end of his little troubles.

* * *

ic Pirates on the Move Again.

e nefarious trade in pirated music is looking up again, ite the particularly stringent provisions of the Musical vright Act of 1911.

norance of the law was the unsuccessful plea of a Leeds ndant on whose printing premises the plates of nineteen right musical scores were found, with 7,000 printed s, and more on the presses. The fine of a penny each hese 7,000 copies—(costs increasing the payment by was not too stiff an alternative to a month's impri-ent.

e offender—William Silcock by name—was stated to admitted that he had struck off altogether 600 gross pies, and had in hand an order for another 100 gross. hawker deposed that he had been paying Silcock 1s. 3d. ss for folded sheets, and 1½d. less for unfolded—prices n certainly left plenty of margin for the hawker's profit e 160 gross he had got rid of single-handed.

balance the temptation of the large gains to be netted is piratical industry there should be the positive cer-y of imprisonment with hard labour on conviction, at vents for all producers, who are the first and worst quents.

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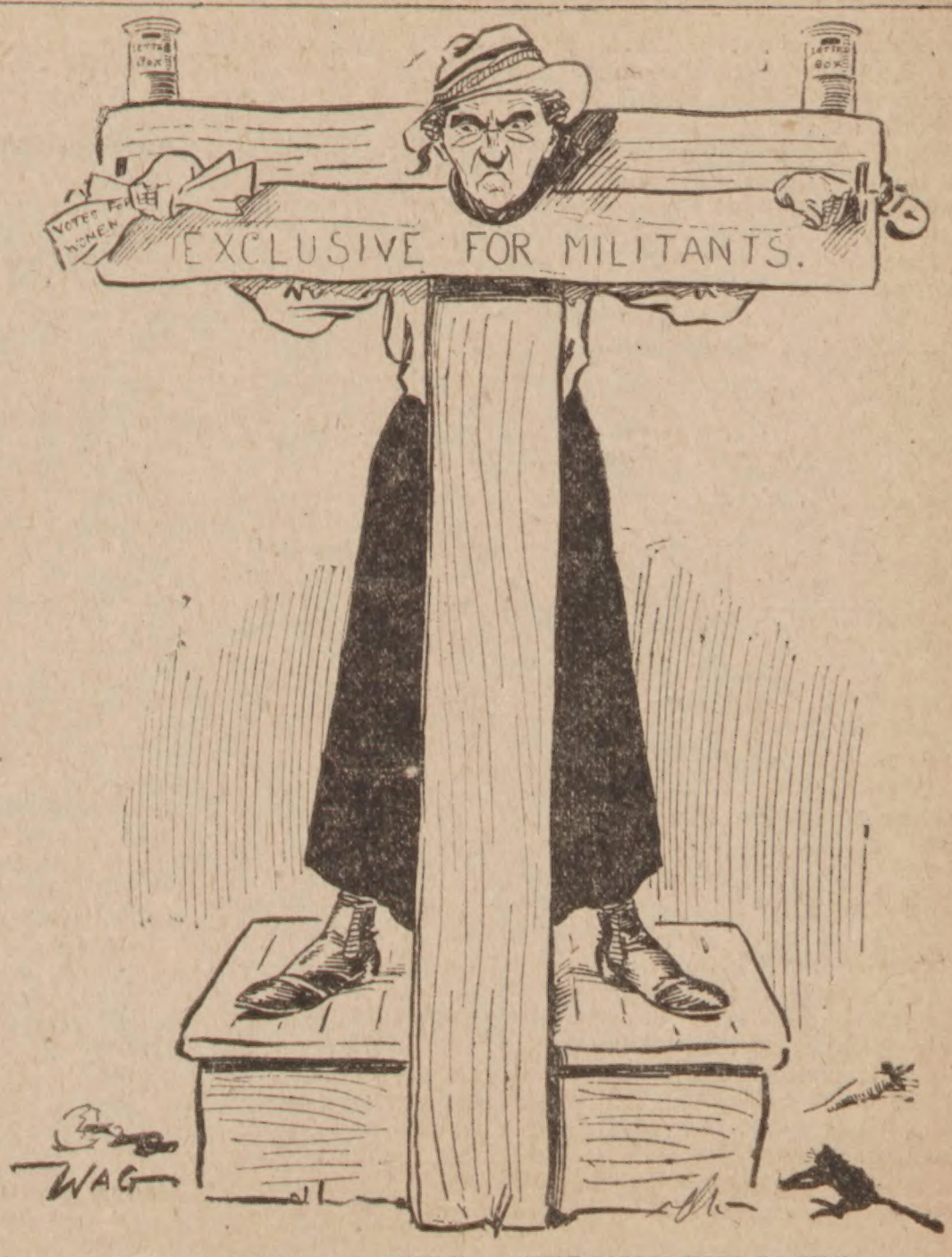
Belgian schools, children are to be taught rules for ing the roads and guarding against street accidents. most appropriate medium of instruction would be "the languages."



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THROUGH THE POST."

General Bethune's "Lazy Hounds."

The Director General of the Territorial Force sticks to his guns—and to his "lazy hounds," this being the epithetical description he applied to all-day golf players.

Let men play games, he urges, "or look on if they are not men enough to play themselves," but let them prove themselves men first. Let them first learn the most important duty of every citizen, which is to fit himself to defend his country if necessary. If every man took advantage of the opportunities now presented to him, in Major-General Bethune's opinion we could have as good a second line as any army in the world.

The worst Territorial that walks about is, he declares, a better man than one who has done nothing to help his country.

The gallant and distinguished Territorial Chief may be a little weak on terminological politeness, but he makes good on candour and sound common-sense.

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Evasive Home Secretary.

Mr. Ginnell, M.P. for North Westmeath, is still on the war-path for information about the "loss" of the Dublin Castle jewels, and he evidently won't be happy till he gets it.

Fencing with his renewed questions the other night, Mr. McKenna adopted an "I-really-don't-know-anything-about-it" attitude. In the course of the very few minutes taken up by the colloquy, he said "I have no evidence" once, "I am not aware" twice, and wound up with an "I do not know."

* * *

Titanic Jobbery.

The questions asked by *Modern Man* as to why certain professional men were paid extravagant fees for their appearances at the Titanic Inquiry have been repeated in the House. Mr. Buxton says that "the fees were allowed by Lord Mersey as the Wreck Commissioner."

This is about the weakest thing in the way of replies that has ever disgusted us.

EVERYBODY'S PRAISING OUR SAFETY RAZOR.

Giving evidence before the Motor Traffic Commission, the Commissioner of the City of London Police, Captain Sir J. W. Nott-Bower, said that the present motor traffic of the City had so greatly increased the difficulties of regulation that in order to minimise the danger the Corporation had sanctioned the addition of nearly a hundred policemen to do duty at special points. The proportion of accidents, fatal and otherwise, caused by motor-'buses was larger than the proportion caused by lighter motor vehicles.

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Unappreciative Corporation.

The cry for an effective "man-catcher" on mechanically propelled vehicles is growing more insistent. In this connection, the experience of Mr. George Granville Stephenson a Leeds engineer and a descendant of the immortal inventor of the steam locomotive engine, is not encouraging.

A few years ago Mr. Stephenson, several of whose railway inventions are in successful use, invented and constructed an improved life-guard for tramcars. This idea he offered to the Leeds Corporation—for nothing. The reply of the Corporation was a suggestion that he should put himself to the expense of fitting his contrivance on one of their cars to test its value! There's nothing like encouraging useful inventions for the public safety.

* * *

Another Drunken Driver.

"I have to consider people in the streets who run the risk of losing their lives through drunken drivers. Twenty-one days' imprisonment," said Mr. Hedderwick at North London Police Court in sentencing a carman convicted of being intoxicated while in charge of a horse and van in the Seven Sisters Road.

Mr. Hedderwick was the first Metropolitan Stipendiary to announce his determination to do what *Modern Man* has from the beginning urged all magistrates to do—send to prison without the option all taxi-cab and motor-car drivers found guilty of being drunk while in charge of their vehicles. This laudable resolution he now gives expression to again.

* * *

QUITE DRASTIC.

"Ai met a chappie about a month ago, and he seemed awfully naice, you know; he borrowed a tenner, and do you know Ai haven't seen him since."
"What are you going to do about it?"
"Well, if I meet the wretched fellow Ai—Ai—Ai won't speak to him!"

"SIR" MASTER MARINER.

"Modern Man" Approaches the Fount of Honour.

"May it Please Your Majesty."

The custom that confers a Captaincy on a Master Mariner, privately and publicly, socially as well as officially and professionally, is only unobserved and objected to by snobs. Strictly speaking, the title may be only one of courtesy, but even so it has the sanction of long-established precedent.

It is an open question whether it has not more, for—little as the fact is known—by an unrepealed ordinance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was enacted that every master of a ship of a certain tonnage who had sailed a certain number of leagues on the high seas should hold and possess the style, title, and rank of "Captain."

With the development of our Mercantile Marine, the qualifications for a mastership have been increased in number, tightened in stringency, and advanced in their scope and character. The commander of any big liner now-a-days must be a gentleman as well as a navigator, a man of education as well as of technical skill, a man of the world as well as a man of the sea, a man of business as well as a man of everything else.

Matter of National Concern.

In all except the emoluments of their difficult and hazardous profession, our Master Mariners are rich indeed. Had we the ear of our Sailor King, we would whisper in it now what somebody nearer to him will surely whisper in it "one of these days"—and then take all the credit of being the first. We would represent to his Majesty that all sorts of classes, trades, arts, crafts, and professions have been dignified by the investiture of a selected representative member with the honours of knighthood.

In our hand should be a list of the names of the captains of the finest ships in the fleets of ships that fly the flag of England wherever there is a wind to caress it—captains who, with faith in God and confidence in themselves, accept the charge of thousands of lives and millions of pounds. And when the King had chosen whom he would from among these masters of argosies, the chosen should be sent for; and at the touch of a sword in the hand of the Ruler of the Empire that rules the waves he should arise from his knee "Sir Captain."

The effects of the bestowal of a knighthood on some veteran commander in the Merchant Service would be instantaneous, permanent, far-reaching, and all for good. The well-being of that service is a matter of national concern. Every Britisher is proud of the glorious traditions of that service; perhaps prouder still of the fact that the inheritors of those traditions to-day live in them, live up to them, and will hand them on in unsullied lustre to their successors. England is to-day where the masters of her Mercantile Marine have taken her.

The England that holds in her hands the destinies of the world is unthinkable—but for the men who carry the Red Ensign wherever a ship can float, and but for the deeds of the men of their calling who were before them.

Elevating the Service.

We want more apprentice-officers for our ships of trade and transit—potential officers drawn from the ranks of our best—youths who will grow into men from whom at need could be recruited some of the responsible ratings of the Royal Navy: a need contemplated in the formation and the expansion of the Royal Naval Reserve.

It behoves us to see to it that greater encouragement, more adequate incentive, more powerful inducements, are offered to bring in cadets for mercantile ocean-commanderships—cadets of the right sort and in sufficient number.

As things are, it can be little or nothing else but undiluted love of the sea that attracts "our boys" into a sailorman's career. There is no other career that exacts quite so much and gives by comparison so little in return as regards the pay department—and after all it is the financial consideration that forces its way above almost all others.

To dignify a representative of the calling, as its representative, would elevate the whole service in the national estimation. Juster appreciation would be signalised by juster remuneration. Juster remuneration would carry the appeal of the service farther and higher.

NEW READERS CAN BEGIN TO READ "SIN" TO-DAY.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

We wonder what a highly illustrious foreign Royal personage, at present domiciled in a smart suburb of London, would think had he been in a position to watch the movements of one of his daughters at a badminton party, and a dance afterwards, at Richmond last week.

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We have a very firm impression that the gratitude of Society husbands and wives, possessed of flightily-inclined wives and husbands respectively, would be due to the West End police, if the latter would keep closer observation on a private house in Maddox Street, W., well known to be a meeting-place for the enjoyment of pleasant, but hardly commendable, quarters of an hour.

* * *

What is the management of a West End pantomime doing, that some twenty-five girls are allowed to dress in a room so disgracefully humid that water drips continually from the ceiling, trickles down the walls, and reduces all the articles of clothing (especially tights) kept in the room to a condition of dampness which is nothing short of ruinous to health?

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And in view of the fact that the dressing-room in question has no heating apparatus whatever, why does not the said management provide it with gas-heaters or, at any rate, some of the portable oil-stoves which can be procured quite cheaply?

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Why does a certain well-dressed individual of cultured address travel backwards and forwards across the English Channel so many times in every week, invariably travelling first class? And why is he so frequently engaged in friendly games of cards with casual acquaintances—generally young—in the saloon?

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Why did the light-fawn-coated male individual enter a Strand bar a day or two ago, order a "bitter," and on receiving it, place a cork on end against the glass on the counter—and then go out, leaving the drink untasted?

* * *

Who was the West Kensington rollicker who, some nights ago, rode down the North End Road for about two hundred yards on a revolving road-sweeper, and at the conclusion of the "joy-ride" regaled the driver of the vehicle with liquid refreshment in a local hostelry?

* * *

Why is it that the "lads of the village" congregate nightly in such numbers around a coffee stall not a thousand miles from Hammersmith? And is this devoted attendance on their part due in any way to the regular presence there, until about 1 a.m., of the young damsel in a long coat and a rather low-cut blouse?

* * *

Why did a Warnford Court stock-broker look so pleased on leaving the "House" last Monday afternoon? And why did he immediately proceed to telephone an endearing message to somebody whom he addressed as "Nan," which is not his wife's name, anyway?

* * *

Would the constituents of a north-country Labour M.P. be gratified to have seen their Parliamentary representative issuing, rather hilarious, in evening-dress, from a flat in Iverna Court, Kensington, where a dinner-party had been in progress one night last week?

* * *

Does the studiously-inclined wife of a West London vicar really go to the British Museum Reading Room every morning and afternoon. If so, why might she have been observed issuing with obvious circumspection, last Tuesday about 1.30 p.m., from a house in Clifford Street, W., wherein bachelor chambers are rented by an individual who was warned off the Turf some years ago?

* * *

What is the real reason for the sudden receipt by a West End actor of a cable summoning him urgently to America?

* * *

Will an invitation be sent to a well-known playwright for a forthcoming complimentary club dinner to his actress-wife, whom he divorced not long ago?

Was a West End publican rather angry when a waggish customer stuck a little red flag into a heap of "egg and tomato" sandwiches on the saloon-bar-counter last Tuesday evening? But, at the same time, is there not more than a little justification for such an action?

* * *

Why, when writing to the lady in Clarence Gate Gardens, does a Fenchurch Street merchant, of religious inclinations, invariably typewrite the letter, the signature, and the envelope?

* * *

QUITE APPARENT.

* * *

Who was the well-dressed person who drove up in a taxi-cab the other evening to a Strand bar which possesses two entrances, and asked the cabby to wait? He went in at one door and left quickly by the other, leaving the too-trustful driver waiting for his reappearance in vain.

* * *

Who is the member of a good club who has constituted himself a sort of private theatre-ticket-agency, selling to his friends at a reduced price, seats which he manages to obtain for nothing? And what would the theatrical managers concerned say—and do—if they became aware of this?

* * *

Was not an intoxicated roysterer who sallied forth into Piccadilly on Wednesday night last, with the object of "fighting a constable," rather unlucky in running immediately up against one of the champion boxers of the Metropolitan police?

TRY TO POCKET OUR £250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

THE SENTIMENTAL BOOKMAKER.

BY E. WADE LANG.

"Women," said Mr. Brinn, "are wonderful creatures."

He sat in an armchair of the club, gazing out upon as much of the world as may be seen in Piccadilly. Or, perhaps, he saw more of the world than that, for the eyes of Mr. Brinn have a way of looking through and beyond the actual things in front of him. I judged him to be in a reminiscent mood.

"Go on," I said.

"There was one I knew once"—he hitched himself higher in his chair—"quite pretty she was. Hair like the dusk, cheeks brown, eyes of a steadfast grey. She came into my office one day and stated that she wanted to do business with me. She had a thousand pounds in notes in her bag. Her intention, she said, was to bet up to that sum, and she took it for granted that such a cash deposit would be an entirely satisfactory alternative to credentials. She told me her name was Miss Burbidge, and that she would telephone her bets under the sobriquet "Silence," and she gave me an address in the Kennington Road. That address, I afterwards discovered, was a little shop where they charge twopence for the receipt of letters.

"She wanted to have a hundred pounds on an animal running that very day, but, unfortunately, my book was already full up with that horse, and when I told her so she nodded her head.

"'You want to make quite sure that the notes I have given you are all right?' she said.

"I repeated my former explanation.

"'It is a pity,' she said; 'I particularly wanted to back that horse.'

"She had refused a seat and stood biting her lip. I knew that I was in the presence of a lady.

"'How long is it, then, before I can make a start?' she asked.

"The day was Friday, and I answered Tuesday. Numbers of stolen notes were always in my possession within twenty-four hours of being missing.

"'That will not do,' she said. 'I must start to-day.' She stood debating a little, and I knew she was trying to estimate whether I was an impressionable man or not. She decided not. 'It is very simple,' she went on; 'your settling day is at the end of the week, is it not?'

"'Mondays,' I told her.

"'Then,' said she, 'if there is anything to come to me this week you can hold it over to the following settling-day. By that time you will know if I am honest.'

"There was no sarcasm in her tone, merely a chilly distinctness, and she placed the notes upon my desk and closed her bag, and as I held the door for her to pass through, she paused a moment and looked me straight in the eyes.

"'My sobriquet is "Silence,"' she said.

"'I understand,' I replied.

"A smile touched her lips, but only for an instant. It was that smile which a child shows when it is hurt and wants to cry—but won't, whatever happens. And I did not trouble to compare the notes she had given me with my usual list of stolen numbers."

Mr. Brinn was silent for a moment.

"The horse won," he went on, "at seven to one; and before the day was out Miss Silence had beaten me to the tune of sixteen hundred pounds! In the middle of the next week I instructed my clerk to put her through to me the next time she rang up. My motive was simply to tell her that I could not accept wagers of a thousand pounds within five minutes of the 'off.' She was quiet on hearing this, and I could imagine she was biting her under-lip.

"'Why not?' she asked, though she well knew why. Even on so brief an acquaintance, I had ascertained that she was fully acquainted with matters of the turf.

"I explained unnecessarily the policy of 'laying away.' She interrupted with her chilly distinctness. 'How much time do you want?'

"'A quarter of an hour,' I replied. She paused again.

"'Are you not willing to take the risk?' she asked. No explanations, nor in any sense a plea, but on the direct contrary an unmistakable challenge.

"'Very well,' I said—I am something of a gambler or I should not be a bookmaker—and she said 'Thank you,' rather breathlessly.

"By the end of that week she had won ten thousand pounds from me. By the end of the second week she had lost three parts of it; and her cheque to cover arrived punctually on the following Tuesday. For a week or two afterwards it was give and take, and then she won twenty-two thousand off me in a single day.

"A plunger," I commented.

"She played it up. Evidently waited for the result of her first bet, and allowed that to determine the amount on the second. It is an amateur's way; it always loses in the end."

"Did she lose it all?" I inquired, interested.

"Not then. She stopped. She duly received my cheque, and on the following day a registered letter reached me containing two thousand pounds in notes and a letter.

"A very brief letter," said Mr. Brinn slowly. "It said that she had required twenty thousand pounds for a certain purpose, and that I had been the means of providing it. She hoped it would not inconvenience me. She more than hoped so—she prayed that it wouldn't. I had done her a greater service than she could ever explain. She would always be ashamed for having utilised me, but perhaps I, less than most, would suffer by the loss. She begged me to accept the surplus over what she had needed, and also the original deposit of a thousand pounds. She said there was no alternative to my accepting it, as the address in Kennington Road would not find her any more. She said she had vanished into Silence. . . . It was not a letter to a bookmaker, it was a letter to a gentleman. And a lady wrote it."

He hitched himself a little higher in his armchair.

"She visited me again, not very long after.

"'I wish to re-open business,' she said.

"I said 'Certainly, madam.'

"She said 'I have brought no deposit this time.'

"I said 'I already hold a thousand pounds of yours.'

"She made a little gesture, which thanked me, and at the same time admitted her helplessness.

"'Up to that sum,' she said.

"'Very well,' I agreed. And that time she did not smile as she went out.

"She lost the thousand pounds, and then she telephoned that she would continue to bet with the two thousand I had told you about. I gave orders to my clerk that I was always to be out if she chanced to inquire for me. 'I guessed,' said Mr. Brinn, "that she would lose that two thousand in a very short time. Which she did. Then came a break of two days. Then came a commission to put a monkey on a certain horse, and my clerk, having no instructions to the contrary, booked it. The horse lost. In the course of a few days she had lost more than she had previously won from me. And she went on. When the amount had exceeded that which I had previously decided she would be able to clear, I wrote her, 'Will you not come and have a chat with me?'

"She did not reply. But her wagers ceased."

"For the third time she came to see me. It was a few weeks later, and she was wearing black."

"'You misunderstood my letter,' I said.

"'No,' she replied, and she had that look of weary grief which it is wrong to see on the face of young people. 'No. I knew you did not want the money.'

"'I wanted,' I said, 'to know the amount you were again in need of.'

"'It is too late now,' she said.

"I felt sorry for her. You see, her husband was a bad lot. He had been defrauding the public Company of which he was a working Director—and she had saved him with my twenty thousand the first time. But the second time, when she failed, he ended his worthless existence. I stopped her as she was telling me this. I had been aware of her identity from the first."

He looked over his shoulder to beckon to the waiter.

"What followed?" I asked, as he appeared to have finished.

"She was very young," said Mr. Brinn gravely; "and I am an elderly man. I was able to be a little comfort to her, but not much, for her sorrow was very deep. It is strange how often good women are devoted to blackguards. But they are wonderful creatures!"

"But what about the twenty thousand you lost to her?" I asked.

"Bah!" said Mr. Brinn with sudden impatience. "Don't you understand? I won it off *him*!"

THERE IS FUN IN OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

SOME OVERSEA HUMOUR.

APPLIED ECONOMICS.

Maiden Aunt: "Never waste anything, Dora. If you keep an article for seven years, you may be sure you will find a use for it."

Dora: "Well, supposing you bought a cradle, Auntie."

—Sydney Bulletin.

A SLOW CARD-PLAYER.

"That maid reminds me of you when you first started in to play cards, dear," said the husband at the table, when the girl was a long time bringing in the birds for dinner.

"Why so?" inquired the wife.

"She's delaying the game."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

THE DIFFICULTY.

"It does seem as if you and I ought to get along together without quarrelling all the time," sighed Mrs. Jawback.

"It does," growled Mr. Jawback, "but it seems we can't. We're fighting like cats and dogs from morning to night."

"Cats and dogs? Look at that cat and that dog of ours—they never fight. They live under the same roof peaceably."

"Yes, they do. But tie 'em together so they can't get loose, and see how they'll act!"—*Evening Sun.*

* * *

THE POINT OF LEAST RESISTANCE

Psychology: Don't you think that she has a weak mouth?"

Physicist: Well, I have found it to be the point of least resistance myself.—*Chaparral.*

Clara: Did the bride look natural?

Belle: Decidedly; even her flowers were artificial.

* * *

A girl going up the aisle to be married looks as confident as a man laying down four aces.—*N.Y. Press.*

* * *

The Departing Son.—"Our boy has left us," wept the mother, as their only son waved good-bye from the car window.

"Yes," said the old man, whom the boy had just touched for a loan; "but he hasn't left us much."—*Detroit News.*

* * *

A DREADFUL POSSIBILITY.

When Aunt Elvira takes the train,
She always has a vision
(She's told me, time and time again)
Of being in a collision;
She doesn't seem to feel much dread
And fear of being mangled,
Of broken bones, a broken head,
Of being burned or strangled.
"I always think," she says to me,
"That 'twould be dreadful shocking
If folks should pick me up and see
A big hole in my stocking!"
So Aunt Elvira takes her yarns
When plans are made for starting,
And darns and darns and darns and darns
Before she risks departing.

—*New York Judge.*

* * *

VERACITY.

"Thomas, what time did you get in last night?"

"Quarter of twelve, Dad."

"I happened to be awake and looked at the clock. It was three!"

"Three o'clock? Well—that's a quarter of twelve!"

* *

ANSWERED.

Sunday-School Teacher: When Jephtha vowed to sacrifice the first thing he met coming out of his house after he returned, what did he expect to find?

Willie: Some gentleman calling on his wife

GOING UP.

Bell: "Don't you think that the girls of to-day have a higher sense of modesty than those of fifty years ago?"

Stell: "Certainly. Where fifty years ago it was considered immodest to show your ankles, now it's your knees."—*Puck.*

NEW READERS CAN BEGIN READING "SIN" TO-DAY.

TABLOID TOPICS.

One of the new magistrates for Chester is a working bricklayer. We hope he won't be the means of sending prisoners to the scaffold.

* * *

"Too many pockets spoil the shape of men's clothes."—*Daily Mail.*

Parting with our hard-earned cash
Pulls our pockets all to pieces,
Till we find there's nothing left—
Nothing but our suit in creases.

* * *

"In Canada, a woman can seldom be seen in a public-house," said the Bishop of Willesden recently. The Canadian public-houses are evidently an improvement on ours as far as privacy is concerned.

* * *

"The taxi-drivers are still *keeping up* their *spirit.*"—*Evening News.* And yet the whole trouble was caused by the rise in the price of petrol.

* * *

The dropping of the food-taxes by the Unionists has hurt the feelings of the Liberals. When a political party puts its foot down it cannot help treading on somebody's *corn.*

* * *

"Do short men make the best husbands?" asks a popular weekly. We are also curious to know whether it is better to have loved and lost a short man, then never to have loved a tall.

* * *

A large number of babies born on Insurance Day last week were presented with mugs by certain generous M.P.'s. It is a crying shame to make these youngsters double-faced so early in life.

* * *

More cases of suicide occurred in Vienna in the summer of last year than in the winter. If their summer was anything like ours last year, we are not at all surprised.

A club, exclusively for shop-assistants, will shortly be opened in Leeds. It is encouraging, nowadays, to find *counter* attractions to public-houses.

* * *

Professor Leonard Hill thinks that a man with a bad cold ought not to be allowed to talk for fear of passing on his disease to others. If we get no reply to a friendly "How d'you do?" we shall now know what the trouble is.

* * *

A messenger of a famous Paris firm sat on £2,000 in order to safeguard it. On leaving the cafe he forgot to take the money with him. Now he is being sat on by his employers.

* * *

The Paris Courts have ruled that a married woman's dress allowance should not exceed the amount paid for the rent of her home. The wives of leaseholders shudder at the bare idea of dressing on a maximum expenditure of nothing per annum.

* * *

Roumania has demanded a strip of Bulgarian territory as compensation for her neutrality in the war with Turkey. The craze for extended possessions has developed into "more-room-mania."

* * *

"Futurist" hats, of no shape and clashing colours, are to be the feature of the Spring fashions. A post-impressionist picture of a futurist hat should be a sight for the gods.

* * *

Mr. Vernon Wragge, J.P., in a notice to some habitual drunkards of York, says: "If during 1913 you are not once convicted, I will give you a sovereign on January 1st, 1914." This is offering them *quid pro quod.*

* * *

Michael Ford, once a favourite music-hall comedian, is now earning a living as a bootblack. In his more prosperous days, as a variety star, he used to shine.

£250 FOR CORRECT FOOTBALL RESULTS

At all times a plentiful supply of money is required, and our Football Skill Competition will provide it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second, and Southern Leagues on Saturday, January 25th, and for the prize of **£250** you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will **lose.** Where you predict a **draw** leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of **£250.** In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results **£25** will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, January 25th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 13 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 24th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 13.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 25th. Cross out —in ink— the name of the team you forecast will *lose.* For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

ASTON VILLA	v.	EVERTON
LIVERPOOL	v.	WEST BROMWICH
MANCHESTER UNITED	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY
MIDDLESBOROUGH	v.	DERBY COUNTY
BARNSLEY	v.	BURY.
BURNLEY	v.	NOTTS FOREST
HULL CITY	v.	LINCOLN CITY
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN
STOCKPORT COUNTY	v.	BIRMINGHAM
WOLVERHAMPTON WAN.	v.	LEEDS CITY
MILLWALL	v.	GILLINGHAM
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS	v.	STOKE
SWINDON	v.	READING
PORTSMOUTH	v.	SOUTHAMPTON
EXETER CITY	v.	PLYMOUTH A.
WEST HAM	v.	CRYSTAL PALACE

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man.* I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

THE NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS APPEAR ON PAGE 1830.

THE REST WAS SILENCE.

A Human Sketch.

A man and a girl stood at the cross roads just outside the little village which was the girl's home.

There was a finger-post, and they stood close to it.

And a finger-post they did not see bore another legend—on one side "Home and Honour," and on the other "A Man's Promise and Shame."

But the girl was listening to a voice that had already laid its spell upon her heart.

"You will come," and it was not so much a question as a command.

"Yes," said the girl.

You see she had his promises—such lame promises—and she believed in him, as a woman does once in her life, and that is the first time.

Then followed directions such as are made after leaving those finger-posts which stand at life's cross roads; and then, just at the last, a kiss. If she had not loved and trusted so much she might have detected a subtle difference in that kiss. She had chosen her road and the kiss was the passport.

In the dusk of a summer evening the village lass stole from the little cottage which had sheltered her all her life.

And at the cross roads there was a motor car and the man.

The car started on the journey that is all downhill; aye, to the very end, and the little village faded from her sight like a dream that is told. But the girl never heeded. The man she loved was beside her, and she had his promises.

Who was to tell her that they were worthless cheques!

* * *

Oh! it was a cosy enough little nest that he took his wild bird to. He was a rich man and could afford to gild the cage.

She was the prettiest little girl he had seen for a long time, and her innocence amused him. And for a time she was happy in a fool's paradise.

Then he tired, but his promises became even more numerous, and what they lacked in genuineness they made up for in vehemence.

And still at the Bank of Hope she presented them imagining they would be honoured in due course.

And knowing that she believed them, the cad went on promising.

Then she told him something that she deemed required more than a promise. He laughed though he kissed her, and his face grew hard.

"Hard lines, little girl, but perhaps you are mistaken," was all he said. And the first cheque came back.

He left her alone for short periods, but on his return he was even more prodigal of caresses and promises. And so she let her heart silence the other voices that strove to make themselves heard.

Then one day he observed that he must go on the Continent for a week or so.

The Continent! useful place! and in reality he was only going close to Brighton.

"Just a business visit. Shall be back again soon," was his farewell.

"And you will write to me?" she asked as she kissed him.

"Of course."

She watched him go. He turned and smiled at her as she stood in the flower-twined porch that he said he had designed for her in memory of her country home.

Other women had stood where she was standing—other women who had been paid with his promises.

"Back in a fortnight's time at the latest," he called out to her.

And she dimpled and smiled.

* * *

A fortnight passed, during which time never a letter reached her.

And the cheques came back in a bunch. The Bank of Hope had suspended payment.

A month—three—six—then the landlord signified that the term for which the man had taken it was up. Would madam, etc.?

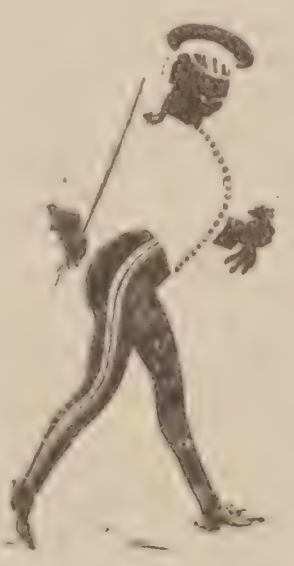
The rest was silence.

The coward's last refuge.

SHADOWGRAPHS

And Some Information from Stageland.

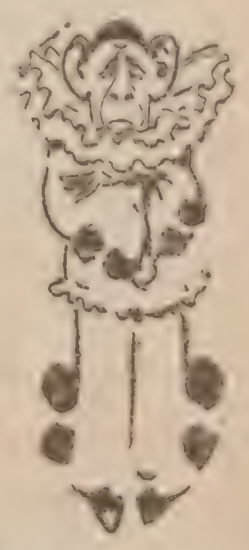
Sir Geo. Alexander is retiring from the L.C.C. With all due deference to the weekly Press, however, he will not go into Parliament if present intentions hold good.



HETTY KING AS ONE OF THE "NUTS."

Some time during February Mr. Chudleigh will produce a comedy at the Comedy founded on Mr. Edgar Jepson's successful "Lady Noggs" series, which I can remember enjoying in a magazine about three years ago.

The turn of Olga, Elgar, and Eli Hudson on the variety stage is one which merits whole-hearted eulogy. The particular impression of wholesomeness they succeed in conveying renders these artistes unique. The Hudson trio are at the Coliseum.



LEWIS SYDNEY, OF "FOLLY" FAME.

One sustains something of a shock at the Vaudeville these days! Miss Hilda Trevelyan, the charming child-mother Wendy of "Peter Pan," has achieved her 150th night of management in partnership with Mr. Edmund Gwenn. With about 30 per cent. of London's most experienced producers turning down, cutting or rehousing their hopes of yesterday, this precocious maiden and her partner, by translating a Gaelic domestic tangle into a Welsh dialect comedy, have achieved "Little Miss Llewellyn," accumulated a nice large packet, and built a lasting reputation.

T. E. DUNVILLE DISCOURSES WITH MUCH WARMTH ON "LOVE."

The new Dickens number produced at the Palladium by the Follies is their very best since "The Burlesque Music Hall." Redivivus!

JUST AND GABRIELLE ENJOY A DANCE.

Welcome to Miss Mabel Seymour Hicks, who made a highly successful debut in "Milestones" last week.

"Charley's Aunt," preceded by "The Last Green," a ripping little golf comedy, is drawing full and appreciative audiences twice daily to the Little Theatre. W.R.C.R.

"NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION

CUP FOOTBALL.

Teams and their Prospects.

Now that the competitors in the first round of the F.A. Cup have succeeded in sorting themselves out a bit, we can take a look round and view the prospects for February 1st, and writing from a Southerner's point of view, there certainly does not seem much to enthuse over.

The chief attraction for Londoners will be at Chelsea, though the game at Woolwich, where the Gunners entertain Liverpool, will run in very close.

On their showing against Croydon Common, it does not appear that Woolwich Arsenal have a great chance of entering the third round, but against this one must take into account the fact that they were extremely unfortunate in not beating their opponents on the last Saturday in December, and if they can reproduce the same form as on that particular day, they may conceivably win, though I shall look upon it as something in the nature of a surprise should they do so.

"Glaziers" and Bury.

What promises to be a contest brimful of excitement is that at the Palace, where the "Glaziers" await the coming of Bury, who, by the way, are no strangers to the famous enclosure, though it is a long time since they gazed on the "twin towers" as a team. On the run of the play in the first round, there is not much in it between these two, though it must be admitted that what little balance there is lies in favour of the home team, and this may be borne out when the game is finished.

Brighton had all their work cut out to beat Portsmouth last Wednesday, and as they are due to meet a vastly superior team in Everton, one cannot hope that they can accomplish more than a draw, if that, and in the case of a replay, out goes another "hope of the South."

After beating Preston—contrary to my expectations, I might mention—there is no telling what Plymouth Argyle will accomplish, and they are one of the Southern teams that may still further upset the calculations of a Northern rival.

Though their position in the League does not indicate as much, Bristol Rovers can play the game at times, more especially before their own supporters, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they are capable of getting into the next round.

The surprisingly easy win of Huddersfield over Sheffield United stamps them as being formidable opponents in Cup football, and to all appearances Swindon are in for a warm time at Leeds Road, and may account themselves extremely fortunate if they succeed in escaping defeat, which I do not think they will do.

Fancy for the Cup.

Though they could not manage it at the first time of asking, Middlesbrough somewhat easily stopped the further progress of Millwall in the replay, and I am afraid that Queen's Park Rangers will meet a like fate.

My original fancy for the Cup—Aston Villa—scored a creditable win over Derby County, and I am optimistic enough to believe that they will at least figure in the Third Round, even admitting that they have a mighty task before them.

I have already taken up rather more than my allotted space, so must leave this subject for the moment, but I shall have a further opportunity of dealing with it next week.

Except it be the elements, there is nothing that I know of likely to interfere with any of next Saturday's matches, some of which may result as under:—

Home winners: Bolton Wanderers, Newcastle, Oldham, Barnsley, Hull City, Preston, Millwall, Queen's Park Rangers.

Away winners: Sheffield Wednesday, Blackburn, Birmingham, Plymouth.

Draws: Middlesbrough and Derby, Burnley and Notts Forest, Wolves and Leeds, West Ham and Crystal Palace.

MY NOTE BOOK.

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

There was really no necessity to do it, but it was close on midnight when we left the great Metropolis behind us and plunged into the darkness of the country roads. Many persons I know are averse to travelling by the night—they prefer all their journeyings by daylight and do not forget to tell me so—but, in spite of all this, for my own part I must own that now and then it has a certain fascination for me.

Perhaps, if it were compulsory, my infatuation, so to speak, would undergo a change, but it isn't, and so the fact remains that for me, at any rate, motoring in the night—with the powerful car running to perfection and the massive headlights burning well—has a peculiar charm, which some day I may attempt to describe.

It may be that a number of my readers have also experienced some such thrill. Of this, however, more anon, as I wish, in the short space I am able to devote to "My Notebook," to refer to another kind of happy memory I was able to bring back with me to town.

Motoring, one can see a good deal of the country in these days, and this was the time I allowed myself on my latest tour, accompanied by an old friend on a short visit to England from the Colonies.

The object was twofold, and, in spite of the weather now being meted out to us, there are no regrets. My friend thoroughly enjoyed the country. So did I—in fact, always do—and my pleasure did not end here, as I will now show you.

* * *

NEWSAGENTS AND "MODERN MAN" POSTERS.

Passing through so many large and small towns, naturally I kept an eye open for MODERN MAN posters, and was reminded on all sides of the old saying "Seeing is believing." Here, there, and everywhere I saw them, and it is very evident that my friends the newsagents recognise the ever-increasing popularity of up-to-date MODERN MAN, for which I both thank and congratulate them.

Although recently I have been unable to give many extracts, letters continue to reach me in large numbers from all quarters sounding the praises of what the majority are to term either "The best pennyworth on the market," "Nothing to beat it," and this, of course, is very encouraging indeed and spurs one on to bigger efforts.

To-day, both in town and country, MODERN MAN, I am pleased to say, is *booming*, and of this I feel confident MODERN MAN will continue to *boom*. Changes have been effected—changes must be effected to live up to the times—and although, perhaps, it may sound a trifle egotistically, I cannot help applauding and setting down what one of my correspondents wrote only this week: "MODERN MAN can truly claim to be right bang up-to-date, both in regard to reading matter and illustrations."

* * *

BRIXTON READER AND A JUDGE.

"It is greatly to be regretted," writes "A.L." (Brixton), "that a very worthy and well-meaning judge recently put heart into the money-lending fraternity by approving of at least some of their methods, on the ground that they themselves are occasionally diddled. It certainly could not have been a considered judgment. The more or less exorbitant interest they secure from the vast majority of their clients, in addition to recovering the money advanced, without the necessity of having recourse to legal process, far outweighs whatever loss they may sustain through defaulters.

"When, therefore, they hound into court some hapless victim who would settle up if he could, but who, through adversity, has got behind in his payments, the judge ought, metaphorically, to boot them rather than pat them on the back.

"Judges don't know everything—don't know everything even about the interesting little ways of the present-day Shylock. Were it otherwise, there isn't one of them who could find it in his conscience to encourage him in demanding and obtaining—his pound of flesh, and a bit over."

* * *

Another prophecy for 2013 is that a single money currency will prevail throughout the globe. There will be one universal meridian—that of Greenwich—and the hours will be calculated from 1 to 24.

YOUR EDITOR.

SEND TO-DAY FOR A "MODERN MAN" SAFETY RAZOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 28: GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

If "B.-P." had achieved nothing more than to found the organisation of Boy Scouts to promote good citizenship in the rising generation, he would have accomplished more than sufficient to have justified his being hailed as a man of brains and foresight. But, as is well known, Lt.-General Sir Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, to give him his full name, has rendered much yeoman service to his country, for, among other things, will he not always be remembered with pride as "the gallant defender of Mafeking"?

The son of a Professor and the grandson of an Admiral, "B.-P." entered the Army when he was nineteen, becoming attached to the 13th Hussars, a regiment of which he became Adjutant and served with in India, in the Afghanistan and in South Africa. In 1897 he was promoted from the 13th Hussars to Command the 5th Dragoon Guards, and for his distinguished conduct in the Boer war he was made a Major-General.

It may not be generally known that "B.-P." possesses histrionic abilities which would put to blush those of many a professional actor.

Once when quartered at Aldershot a man, anxious to draw the general's attention to some gun, alway waylaid him on his afternoon walk. This happened so often that the general one day disguised himself as a navvy previous to going out for his usual walk. On his way back he encountered the man.

Slouching his shoulders and assuming a ferocious expression he strolled up to him. "Are you the chap wot's lookin' for Baden-Powell?" he asked. "For if you are he has sent me out to keep the road clear for 'im." He was never again disturbed in his afternoon walk.

FOR WINNERS OF OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE SEE PAGE 1830.

A PAGE OF INTEREST TO LADIES.

Before going out a woman should be sure her complexion is on straight.

* * *

A Comparison in Comfort.

A lady who has recently re-entered English life after a lengthy stay in the Western and New England States of America, agrees with Mr. Arnold Bennett, that American homes are more comfortable than English. She holds that the "comfortable" home of England involves unceasing work on the part of the housewife. There are the fire-grates and irons to be cleaned daily, ornaments to be dusted, taps, door plates and brasses to be attended to, besides the preparation of food, scrubbing of floors, laundry work, and so forth.

The hot-air and stove systems common in American houses save a great deal of time and labour. According to this expert critic, a couple of hours a day is all that American women need spend in keeping their homes in perfect condition. She thinks generally that the ingenuity of Americans in introducing labour-saving inventions into the home is responsible for the fuller social life which American women enjoy as compared with their English cousins.

* * *

Lace in a Coffin.

A Customs official has just detailed some interesting information on the smuggler's art, which he says is practised more at this season of the year than any other.

A few years ago there was an attempt to smuggle lace by the old dodge of a coffin, but it was detected just in time.

As the authorities were well acquainted with the coffin trick, they ordered this one to be opened, and were horrified to find that it really contained the dead body of a man.

The chief officer felt that a deep apology was due to the weeping relatives who stood round the room, and he was on the point of expressing his great regret at the incident when he noticed a very suspicious eye of one of the supposed mourners looking at him over the corner of a handkerchief.

That decided the official. He ordered the body to be lifted, and, in spite of the protests of the mourners, this was done. Underneath was found hundreds of pounds worth of lace. Inquiries were made, and it was discovered that the corpse was that of a pauper bought in England and converted to this gruesome purpose.

* * *

Ella: "You wouldn't think it, would you, but Miss Goode's engaged to a man who'd sink to any depth for money."

Bella: "Goodness, a prize-fighter?"

Ella: "No, a diver."

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

A light bright dress in fantastic and flowered brocades is to be the mode for the coming spring, say the dressmakers. We offer the above sketch as a suggestion."

* * *

Some Strange Beliefs.

Strange "cures" which are still applied in remote parts of the Highlands, where it may take days to secure a doctor, are mentioned in the report of a Treasury Committee appointed to consider means of obtaining a more satisfactory medical service.

A witness from the remote island of Rona, Skye, described a "cure" for epilepsy recently practised. A black cock was buried alive beneath the spot where the patient had the first attack.

Dr. Tolmie, of South Harris, described the case of a man suffering from keratitis (inflammation of the cornea of the eye), who drove nine miles and walked another six to see an old lady at Licisto. The old lady made up some rhymes, mixed some grasses with water and sand, and then sang. The man came back and said he was a little better.

A man who had a carbuncle on the back of his neck which did not heal, got a seventh son to come to his house every night for a long time to put water on the carbuncle and a sixpence round the patient's neck.

* * *

How to Tell a Man and Wife.

If you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion often finding fault and correcting one another in company you may be sure they are man and wife. If you see a man and woman walking in the fields in a direct line, twenty yards distant from one another, the man striding over the stile, and going on *sans ceremonie*, you may swear they are man and wife without fear of perjury.

If you see a lady whose beauty and carriage attracts the eyes and engages the respect of all the company except a certain gentleman, who speaks to her in a rough accent, not at all affected with her charms, you may be sure it is her husband, who married her for love, and now slights her.

Let all married pairs learn the following rules:—

Please and be pleased.
Bear and forbear.
Wink and forgive.

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NEW READERS CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

BY

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Churchwarden.

CARL STUTTERMANN, a bully, who poses as a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten years' penal servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clarestoke.

TIGG, butler at Lord Clarestoke's in Eaton Square.

Jasmine shows Carl Stuttermann a letter, which tells her that her father is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in Chelsea on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, would be in the hands of the police within an hour.

Earle effects a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure some money, she consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

Having a key which Stuttermann had let her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to a villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and hears Harry Earle in the room and to hear him address her father. "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness.

Upon escaping from the house, Jasmine goes to Stuttermann's residence to fetch Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon table.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known as Miss Henry, of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, visits Earle, who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells him that he (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, "I am a woman, not a man, and am mad with love for you."

In the prison hospital, a dying convict describes to Earle the fellow who placed the stolen diamonds in his (Earle's) room, the jewels for which he was convicted, and he further vouchsafes the information that Stuttermann himself had told him he was jealous of Earle because he wanted Jasmine.

Lord Clarestoke dies suddenly and Lennie Shoreham determines that Earle shall win his peerage by trampling on Jasmine Floyd's heart. Jasmine pays a secret visit to her old home and also visits Stuttermann's house, where she overhears Stutterman and her father plotting Earle's death.

The Doctor gives Earle a violet which he says Lord Clarestoke had picked for him from the grave of Jasmine Floyd. A new batch of convicts arrive at the Prison, and one man stares at Earle with eyes that have a peculiar meaning in them.

A convict is poisoned with bread stolen from Earle's cell, and Earle is convinced that it is the foul work of the new arrival at the prison, who intends to destroy him. During a fog in the exercise yard, Earle attacks the coward, finds cyanide of potassium secreted away in a gold tooth, and later the same convict hands him a staggering message.

CHAPTER X. (Continued).

THE VISION OF AN INSTANT.

"What is the meaning of it?" gasped out Harry Earle again, still clutching in the weakness of his quivering nerves and reeling brain at the cowardly scoundrel whom he knew to be his enemy, and over whom he had power of life and death. "She is dead, I tell you! Jasmine Floyd is dead! She cannot have written this message. Where did you get it? Tell me again where you got it."

"I told you I picked it up here in this yard a minute or two ago—just before the fog came on. The chances are that the strong wind last night blew it over the walls and into the yard from the moor or the road outside. There were a few other bits of paper too and some broken off bits of scrub. The wind last night was fearful. Well, Jasmine Floyd may have come down here and hung about the gates and dropped the letter outside, and ——"

"But she's dead, I tell you!" repeated Harry Earle breathlessly. "How could she have been there? If she had been living I could have seen how it might have been done. She might, of course, have been out in the road, on the moor, yesterday, as you say, and have thrown this over—like the casting of the bread upon the waters in the Bible, and the wind might have blown it across the outer yards into this one almost to our very feet. But she is dead! And yet, this handwriting is hers, and the date is the date of yesterday! Here, stand close to the light and look at the date! There's no mistaking it. Tell me that my eyes are not deceiving me. But, wait! Shall we be seen against the square of this window?"

"No. The fog is too thick. And it's getting thicker. Nobody can see even the light now from more than two or three yards away, and there's nobody as near as that. It's all right. Yes, that's yesterday's date, right enough. Well, it's a queer business, anyhow. Of course, the writing may be a forgery."

"It might be a forgery," Harry Earle admitted in a half-choked voice. "But it is not. I—I love her so that I know the writing that her hand has traced. I could swear to every line and curve of it. She must be living. And yet—and yet—I myself saw her lying dead—in that brute Stuttermann's house. Great Heaven! Can I be awake. Or am I in a nightmare?"

He drew his hand across his forehead in a dazed, agonised way.

"God help me! I must be going mad!" he said in an unsteady voice. "What is the truth at the bottom of it all? What can the truth be?"

"Doesn't what she says in the letter help you at all?" asked his companion.

In the light of the laundry window by which they stood, Harry Earle flashed a curious, quick glance at him. They made a strange picture, standing in their hideous clothes of infamy in the patch of yellow light that shone out into the fog.

"This bit of the letter warns me to look after myself well, because someone is coming here to this prison who has been given secret orders to compass my death. That someone must be you. If she is living she must have known of your coming and of your purpose. And if she is not living, who else could have known of it and have imitated her handwriting? Who would have taken the trouble to imitate it in order to send this message to me in such a strange way and with such a desperately small chance of it getting to me?"

"Chut!" The man at his side jogged his elbow sharply. "Come away from the light now. The screws are round about us somewhere. I can hear 'em shouting. What are you going to do with that letter? You can't keep it. You'll have trouble enough to keep that bit of gold you were 'cute enough to steal from me just now."

Harry Earle had already moved away from the neighbourhood of the lighted square of window, pulling the other with him. Then he stood listening for a moment.

The blanket-like fog muffled all sounds, but in spite of this, there was no mistake about his idea that others were near them. He heard enough to be sure that some of the other convicts and one or two officers were very close at hand. He pressed the fragment of paper which was so precious to him against his lips again and again, with a fierce, convulsive passionateness that told of the strength of the love that burned within him for the girl of his heart, whether she were living or dead. Then he tore it into a score of tiny pieces and flung these broadcast into the pall-like mystery of greyness that was all about him.

"If she is living, Heaven will surely send me another message before very long," he said in a deep, quivering voice. "And if she is really dead, and I am wrong in believing that she is still living, then I have a friend somewhere in the

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world outside who knows the diabolical coil in which you and your accomplices have got me trapped, and who may expose your infamous schemes from one day to another. And now, listen to me! I have proof enough against you now to put your neck into the rope twice over, and if you don't want to die at the hands of the law, you will have to go to the Governor to-night, and tell him everything you know that could help to show my innocence of the crime for which I am here. If your purpose had been to kill this poor fellow who has died, I should betray you without a moment's mercy. I should not have the right then to show you mercy. But your crime was against me. I was the man you meant to kill. Because of this, I can let you off if I so choose—and if you save me by speaking out the truth, I will do it."

His breath came shorter and harder. He went on quickly:

"Of course, if you've got any real manhood in you, you'll confess yourself, the poisoner that you are. After all, the worst that can happen to you—even a felon's death—will be better a thousand times than you should go back again to lead the life you lived before the police caught you."

There was no time for another word, for in the muffled gloom they felt themselves being surrounded. Another few minutes, and Harry Earle was back in the tailor's shop, busy at his work of keeping the stove going and heating the irons, and waiting for the visit of the Governor, which he felt sure would come to-night. All the while, the gold crown, which was so strange a marvel of dentistry in that it had been purposely made to hold two or three grains of poison without danger to the man who kept it hidden in his mouth, rested safely inside his coarse vest.

When he got back to his cell, he would hide the deadly treasure in a tiny crevice in the flooring, which he had noticed some days before, or he might bury it in the polish in one of the small tins, given him for cleaning purposes.

In any case, he would surely not have to hide it for long. For if the scoundrel from whom he had taken it spoke out the truth to-night, he himself would surely be pardoned very soon, and would go back again into the world of liberty. And, in the meantime, his heart and his brain were afire with a new hope that perhaps, after all, he might have been wrong in supposing that Jasmine Floyd was dead when he had seen her lying so terribly still on the leather couch in Carl Stutterheim's dining-room. Others besides himself had thought her dead, but they as well as he might have been mistaken. She might have recovered. She might be living yet.

Oh the mad delirious joy of the thought! The chance was not strong enough to be called a hope, and yet the warmth of it made him forget all the bitter cold of the winter atmosphere in his cell. What did the blizzard outside, or the sullen discontent of the iron-caged men within matter to him now that there was the bare possibility that Jasmine Floyd was alive?

How could anyone have imitated her handwriting so perfectly as to deceive him? More than this, who would have taken the trouble to forge it so wonderfully in a letter that was not to be delivered to him in any ordinary way, but was simply to be flung upon the wind on the bare chance—a chance in a million—of its reaching him?

Glowing and throbbing with hope—the double hope of regaining his liberty and of finding his heart's darling in that outside world which he might with Heaven's help get back to in a few days—he sat in his cell and listened to the savage roaring of the wind, snow-laden blast that rose clear and terrible above the clamour of the mingled noises of the prison—the clanking of the chains of some man wearing the black and yellow punishment dress and the fetters that go with it, the bellowing of hymns by some stentorian voices, and the bawling of comic songs by others, with now and again groans, crashes and bangs as of the wilful smashing of everything that could be smashed in a cell, and the shouted calls or barked-out orders of a warder—the whole tumult being caught up and given out again by the iron walls and landings and stairways and bridges. He sat and waited for the one particular sound that would mean everything to him—the turning of the great key in the lock at the approach of the Governor of the prison, or for the bringing of a summons to have a talk with the Governor in his private room.

He felt sure that the man whom he could if he chose betray to a felon's death for poisoning his poor thieving fellow prisoner would never let this day pass to its end without making the statement that had been demanded of him concerning the things which he himself had done towards making an innocent man the scapegoat of the guilty.

But the evening went by, and the signal: "Beds down!" clanged through the prison halls, followed by the mighty noise of the letting down of hundreds of hammocks at one and the same moment, and still no word had come to Harry Earle to inform him that the Governor or any other person in high authority had anything whatever to say to him.

Ah! Had the man with the eyes like live coals and the small effeminate hands that had not shrunk from administering a deadly poison actually dared to run the risks that attended the breaking of his promise?

Harry Earle lay awake through nearly the whole of that night with a fierce determination growing in his heart. He himself would ask to see the Governor, and tell what his enemy should have told, and would demand that that enemy should be questioned. And then the slippery fish would be bound to speak out the truth, and the whole truth, for fear lest he should be betrayed to the terrible punishment of the law for taking the life of a fellow prisoner who had died of eating the piece of stolen bread.

He meant to take this step first thing in the morning, but was prevented from doing so. In chapel he looked about him for his enemy, but did not see him. And then a scrap of talk between two assistant warders told him the reason of this surprising fact

"One of the new batch from Wormwood Scrubbs had a kind of sort of a fit last night, and is in the infirmary this morning. He's the one the others call 'Soapy Sam.' They say he's very bad. I shouldn't wonder if he croaked."

Harry Earle sat in consternation. So it was a sudden attack of illness that had prevented his enemy from speaking?

Was that illness genuine? And, even if it were genuine, had he managed to induce it by some trickery in order to put off for a time the terrible and dangerous choice which had been thrust upon him?

And, in any case, what was he himself to do? Should he wait a little longer, or should he ask at once to see the Governor and tell him what he had to tell him, so that the sick man might be questioned?

"If he's as ill as that warder seems to think, he ought to be questioned at once, lest he should die before he has spoken," he told himself, with a sudden sharp anxiety gripping at his heart-strings. "The more desperately ill he is the more reason for not delaying another moment. I will ask to see the Governor at once."

He meant to do it directly the morning service in the chapel was over, but there were other things that had to be done first. And when these other things were done, he was startled at being called upon to do a most unexpected piece of work, namely, to be one of the party of convicts who should carry the body of the victim of the poisoned bread down to the desolate hillside to its last resting place in the convict's burying ground.

Why had he in particular been chosen for this grim and heart-sickening duty? Was it because the piece of poisoned bread had, in fact, been his, and he would himself almost surely have died if the poor greedy fellow who now lay cold and stiff had not saved his life by stealing it from him? Or was it simply because the dead man had been located on the same landing as himself?

Whatever the reason, he had to go, though his inmost self shuddered at the pitifulness and the horror of the sad errand. He would ask to see the Governor directly he came back.

The dead convict had been a miserable enough creature in every way, and yet the sight of the thin and plain box of black deal in which he was to be carried to his last sleeping place struck a chill into Harry Earle's veins. The deal was so very thin! It seemed to Harry Earle that the coffin would just hold together until it was laid in the earth, and then would fall to pieces. So deadly was this chill of horror that for a moment or two he asked himself whether it had indeed been a good thing that this man should have died in his stead. Would it not have been better after all that he himself should have been in this black box getting carried out of the fortress-like prison and over the snowy moor and down the narrow, rough, uneven track to the particular stretch of waste land where a roughly built mortuary chapel stood in the midst of hundreds of nameless, unmarked hummocks, above which rank weeds blew in the bitter north-east wind?

He was one of the two foremost of the bearers, who walked immediately behind two stern faced warders with loaded rifles. On either side of the black deal box marched two other warders equally armed, and still another couple brought up the rear, walking behind two convicts who came along to be extra bearers in case a need should arise for their services.

Harry Earle's eyes did not stray either to right or to left as he came along bearing his share of the piteous burden. The jerky ringing of the creaky old bell in the little chapel seemed to him to be the saddest and most dreadful sound he had ever heard in his life, and he shuddered at sight of the blue, pinched wretched face of his fellow-bearer on the right hand. Great Heaven! the man looked as if the awful blast sweeping over the God-forsaken looking desolate land were freezing his very life blood in his veins. He knew that the others looked the same as they advanced with limbs shaking and teeth chattering with the cold, and he began to be afraid for them. "If this piece of work is not got through quickly there may be one or two more dead men to bury," he said to himself as he waited a moment while one of the warders, who formed the advance guard, kicked open the rickety and half-rotten little gate that gave admission to the burying ground. And at this moment he looked up for the first time.

There were no trees to lessen the horror of this wind-ravaged waste, but only boulders of strange shapes, and often of great size, that looked somehow in this ghastly daylight like palpable things of evil frozen by some mysterious power into eternal stillness. And now suddenly from behind one of these boulders there showed just for an instant the form and face of a girl

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was tall, graceful and beautifully, though quietly, dressed, and her grace and her womanhood alone would have been enough to make her a marvellous sight for some of these convicts, who had not seen any woman near at hand for years and years. But it was not because she was a girl and charming that Harry Earle, the only one who had yet caught sight of her, started so violently and let go a part of the grim burden that he shared with three fellows jerked for a moment as if he had very nearly let it fall. The face of the visionlike woman was half concealed by the rich dark furs in which she was wrapped, but the one glimpse that Harry Earle had seen of it had been enough.

He knew it to be the face, whether living or ghostly, of Jasmine Floyd. He tried to call out to the warder in front of him: "For God's sake, sir, let us put down the coffin here for a minute! The woman who has promised to marry me is there—and I believed she was in her grave! For God's sake, sir!"

* * * *

CHAPTER XI.

THE CRY OF THE WOMAN.

"I must see him. I tell you, I must see him. You will have to manage it somehow, my dear fellow. Money is no object. I'll pay five hundred pounds, not only willingly but delightedly, for ten minutes' talk with him."

Lennie Shoreham, now known as the young heir of Clarestoke, was having a comfortable private talk with the young assistant doctor of Portmill Convict Prison, in a private sitting room in the best and most luxurious hotel in Tarmouth, the town nearest to the prison.

Lennie looked a very handsome and dashing young fellow—slightly over delicate, perhaps, for a man, but otherwise looking the part she played absolutely to perfection. Certainly the young prison doctor had no doubts about her sex, as he sat sipping a cigarette in her company. He did not think he was in love, but his head was certainly turned by the fact that a young man, after the most casual meeting, made a friend of him, and was associating with him in the most familiar and pleasant way, as if there were no difference whatever of rank or wealth between them.

He supposed, of course, that it was a fact that he, Lord Clarestoke, had a cousin in the prison here that made him so disagreeable. Still, his agreeableness was most flattering, and the still boyish assistant medical officer felt that nothing that he could do would properly repay the great honour which had been conferred upon him. Still, he felt a little troubled when young Lord Clarestoke suddenly announced that it was absolutely necessary that he should see his convict cousin within the walls of Portmill.

"I am really afraid, Lord Clarestoke, that it is impossible!" he declared. "Of course, if you go to the Home Office and ask for an order giving you permission to see the prisoner——"

"Nonsense!" almost angrily returned the impatient Lennie. "That's not the sort of interview I want with Harry Earle—an interview in which you have two rows of guards and a passage with a warder in it between you and the prisoner you come to see, and you have to shout every word you speak to him, so that a dozen people can hear you. That's no good to me. I must have a secret interview. I must see him in his cell—or anyhow, in some place where we can talk freely and quite privately. And you have to manage it. After all, I don't want to mention money to you if I can help it, yet a cheque for five hundred pounds is worth any man's having, especially when he's young and starting in his career."

The assistant medical officer was no fool, apart from his love of titles and the people who had them, and he certainly felt himself a trifle nonplussed now. He got up, tossed his cigarette away unfinished, and began to pace the floor with a troubled air.

"I've read in books about this sort of thing that you want me to do being done," he said after a minute or two. "But I've never heard of a real case of it happening in a prison in my life. It's practically impossible!"

"Rubbish, my dear fellow!" The young peer was getting more fierce in his impatience. "Look here, you'll never get on in life if you talk about anything being impossible. This thing that I am asking you to do is no more impossible if you've got any brains than having another whisky and soda is. And you've got to do it. Only the five hundred pounds shall be made a thousand. That may make it better worth your while to take a risk or two. But I don't see myself where the risk need come in. Come on, sit down again and let's plan the little affair together. Does your chief ever go out in the evening and leave you in charge of everything?"

"Well, he does sometimes. He's going out to-morrow evening. But I don't see how——"

"He's going out to-morrow evening? Well, then, to-morrow evening the thing will have to be done. Look here, my dear fellow, can't I make myself up to look like you, and get into the prison, and even into the cell of Harry Earle? Can what is said in any one cell be heard in the cells on either side of it?"

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"Yes—but there'd be no trouble about that where this particular convict is concerned just now. The man on one side of him is deaf, and the other one on the other side was taken off to-day to do a three days' spell in the punishment cells. The way is as clear in that respect as if we'd planned the getting of this dangerous fellow away while we play our little game. All the same, I don't think it's a game we'd better venture on, Lord Clarestoke. I don't see my way to do it—not even to please you and to get a thousand pounds."

But the handsome young peer came and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You've got to do it, my dear fellow. There's no question of saying no. If you get found out, I'll see that you don't lose by it. You can trust me for that. And now let us arrange the whole scheme from beginning to end."

"Really, Lord Clarestoke, anybody would think you were planning to get a meeting with a girl you were in love with instead of with a young man," laughed the assistant doctor lightly, never suspecting that his joke was rather near the truth. He was in very fact amazed at the fire of passion in the young peer's eyes as he leaned over him, and at the fierce eagerness in his voice and manner.

On the evening of the second day after this, Harry Earle sat in his cell after having a harder time of it than usual in the tailors' shop, and gave himself up to a torture of doubt as to whether the woman whom he had for an instant seen by the great boulder near the convicts' graveyard had in very deed been the living Jasmine Floyd, or only a phantom conjured up by his own heart's yearning and need. He was sitting on his wooden stool with his hands locked together until they hurt him, when the door of his cell was flung open, and the rather talkative warder on duty on his landing this evening told him that the assistant doctor had come to look at his sore hand.

"Harry started. Yes, he had a sore hand. In thinking of Jasmine Floyd he had forgotten it, but now he remembered that he had burnt his skin a little with one of the hot irons in the tailors' shop, because this very assistant doctor had accidentally jerked his arm just as he was taking the iron from the stove. He looked up, and even in the dim light was aware that the person who had come into the cell was someone nearer and more important to him than the prison doctor. In the next instant Lennie Shoreham's arms were round his neck, and Lennie Shoreham's voice was saying passionately in his ear:

"Harry! Harry! I love you, and I have come to save you Jasmine Floyd is dead, so you have not to think about being true to her. Give me back love for love, and I will prove your innocence and give you up the peerage. Harry! Harry."

"Hush! get back from me. The Judas hole in the door has betrayed us!"

(To be continued.)

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS POWERFUL MELODRAMA NEXT WEEK.

MOTOR CYCLE NOTES.

If a few simple precautions are taken, the risk of skidding is reduced to an absolute minimum. The first, of course, is to see that the tyres are in good condition, and still retain their non-skidding propensities; next the gear should be lowered, which gives the machine a steadier pull when running slowly, and if possible the saddle should be shifted more forward so as to distribute the rider's weight more evenly between the wheels.

Should this last adjustment interfere with the handlebars they should be exchanged for the semi-T.T. type, which gives better control of the machine. These few adjustments cost nothing to do, and if carried out properly should secure immunity from sideslips other than those due to reckless driving.

The effort on the part of manufacturers and Press to boom the cycle-car is still being carried on as vigorously as ever. There is no doubt that in course of time these vehicles will win their laurels, but at present, with the exception of some half a dozen makes, the majority of models are far from perfect, and I strongly advise intending purchasers to exercise the utmost discrimination in their selection.

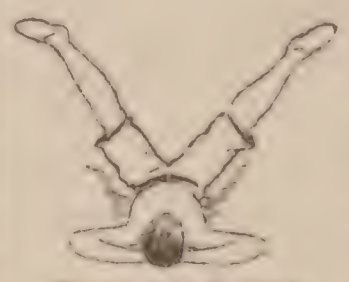
Most decompressors that are fitted in the valve caps are operated by hand, but in view of a little experience I had a day or so ago I advise riders to pay a few shillings more and have Bowden wire control.

A sudden block in the traffic called for the opening of the decompressor. Being fully occupied in steering the machine I had to feel for the tap, and in doing so I got my hand too close to the sparking plug, and although I had thick gloves on I got a severe shock.

Had I been riding with thin gloves or none at all the consequences would have been still more unpleasant and perhaps serious.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE

By Our Expert.



THIGH DEVELOPER.

An exercise that principally effects the development of the thighs, on which considerable strain is imposed, is the one I have chosen for my physical culture readers this week. Lie full length on your bed, or on the floor, with your hands clasped under the back of your head.

Then, keeping the feet together, raise the legs slowly to the perpendicular, by means of the muscles of the abdomen.

Or, if it is desired to exercise the legs only, they may be raised in the easiest manner possible, and the starting position considered to be that with the feet in the air.

Then separate the legs gradually, keeping them quite stiff, and always moving in the same plane.

Open them like a pair of scissors as far as possible, and then bring them together again firmly and slowly. Breathe regularly while you are performing these movements, exhaling as the legs are separated, and inhaling as you bring them together again.

This exercise requires a good deal of muscle and will power to perform.

Nasal Breathing.

Breathing through the mouth means colds and all sorts of ills

The nose acts as a purifier of the air we breathe, preventing germs getting to the throat and stomach. It also prevents the growth of adenoids, which stop the breathing power of the nostrils, and are conducive to the cold in the head.

By keeping the mouth closed when doing hard work, one is prevented from getting thirsty.

The long-distance runner who learns to breathe through the nose will be able to outstrip he who uses a quill between the teeth to breath through. In swimming also, the use of the nose for breathing obviates the likelihood of swallowing large doses of the water.

Lastly, but by no means least, it prevents snoring.

BRIEF REPLIES.

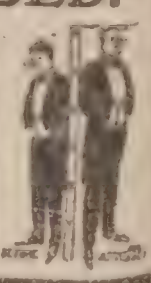
GARWITE (Blaengarw).—I have given the cure several times. Lie in bed, strap the ankles together and put a pillow between the knees. If very bad, however, consult a doctor.

A. A. (Leeds).—Yes, write to Professor Prowse at once.

A. C. (York).—Get your system clean with fresh air and exercise, your eyes will trouble you less.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth of shoulder, general health** and **business personality**. Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, **involving no appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit, and no drugs. PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, CROYDON.**



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P.S.—The Editor and the Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man" recommend "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height), Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

SEND TO-DAY FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS

THE CINEMA PERIL.

Further Views of "Modern Man" Readers.

The note of contradiction which we invited and challenged has been sounded at last. The many-peopled ranks of the Cinematograph interest, with all its manifold ramifications, are still silent—not a voice has been raised from them in protest or denial. So far as Cinematographers are concerned, our case against Cinematography in relation to sight remains undefended. Nor has any doctor or specialist arisen to contravert the medical and expert evidence we have brought forward—so here again we hold the ground we took.

The one criticism which has at length been made reaches us in the form of a letter signed "Picture Lover." "Criticism" is a polite description of the contents of this letter, for it is full of unmitigated condemnation, unsupported by a single argument or even by any statement of fact, from beginning to end, and contains nothing else: not a fact, "abusive" might be tacked on to "unmitigated."

A Spectacle Maker's Anger.

On reading this communication a second time, a suspicion entered our mind as to the good faith of the writer, although it had been underscored "not for publication") had been enclosed to us pretend that the name on it was J. Jones. We made enquiries, the result of which was to show that J. Jones is the proprietor of a firm of manufacturing opticians—makers, that is to say, of spectacles and eye-glasses. Then we understood. J. Jones fears the result to his own trade from our insistence on the fact that the cinema is injuring the eyes of its patrons generally, and threatens to ruin the vision of its juvenile patrons in particular. J. Jones is a "Picture Lover" because his order-book would support our contention, and he knows it—Cinematography is a good thing for the spectacle-making industry. No wonder that J. Jones is so angry with us. We regard his letter as a very valuable testimony to the accuracy of the indictment we have formulated.

Since our article of last week, a gentleman whose name is on the list of Patent Agents writes:—

"From the very beginning it must have been realised, if not admitted, that there was mischief and there was danger in the flick, flick, flicker of the films, otherwise there would not have been so many specifications registered of inventions to improve them, and so many patents applied for and taken out. No doubt you will have heard it said that some of these have succeeded in reducing the flicker, which is true, but the success has only been partial, or inventors would not still be coming to me as they are with their ideas. One of these showed me a letter the other day from a film firm in the establishments on both sides of the Atlantic, saying that they would willingly finance any design that would really steady the figures and other objects on the screen. Nothing to do this anything like effectually and fully has been contrived yet. . . . As regards eyesight doctors, you may not know that several such specialists have been among the applicants for patents—a circumstance which seems to me to indicate that their attention must have long been called by their own experience of the eyesight troubles of their patients to the injurious effects on the vision of cinematograph shows."

An Army Surgeon's Corroboration.

Mr. Stanley Skelton, of the High Road, Leyton, M.R.C.V.S, tells us: "In one way and another, and in two countries, my eyes have been a good deal tried, particularly amid Canadian snows, but I never had the least trouble with them until I became a regular and frequent visitor to the Cinematograph Hall—and then I gradually became aware that something was doing them harm, and causing me occasional bother. I had, however, no idea at all as to what the 'something' could be until I read your Cinematograph article number one, a few weeks ago. Although I was sceptical about your being correct, I decided to give your idea a trial, and therefore cut out cinema shows from my very limited list of recreations. The experiment has synchronised with a total disappearance of the symptoms that were beginning to cause me some little concern."

We have only space for a reference to one other communication—from an Army Surgeon at Aldershot, who writes that his experience with recruits and young soldiers justifies him in corroborating our well-considered representations."

THE MAN WHO IS CURING THE NATION'S EYESIGHT.

How a Famous London Specialist's Wonderful Discovery is Bringing Perfect Sight to Th usands Whose Eyesight has been Ruined by Too Much Study, Too Close Work, or Failing Through Age.

A Splendid Boon Which Gives Back Strong, Youthful Sight, and Overcomes the Necessity for Expensive and Disfiguring Glasses.

England is waking up, to find that in the centre of her roaring, seething metropolis has happened one of those wonderful discoveries that form the scientific landmarks of a century.

It is only a short time ago that Mr. John Levison, the great eyesight specialist, found and proved to his own satisfaction the basic principle of his wonderful discovery by which the short-sighted, the weak-sighted, those with tired, old eyes, eyes worn out with long study or overwork, those whose vision is old and blurred, those with red, aching, running eyes, are now realising that they can be cured speedily and permanently.

No scientific discovery of modern times has aroused so much interest, for Mr. John Levison's consulting-rooms are thronged with a host of defective-sighted people all eager for the advice they know will bring them back the power of being able to see well.

Delight of Workers Whose Sight is Saved.

The burly miner—the tired-eye weaver—carpenters—an engineer fearful of facing his strict sight test, schoolmaster, the scientist, the society man and woman—all are anxious to know if their glasses can be thrown away, and they may once more see clearly.

Mr. Levison replies to one and all. "There are," he says, "21,000,000 eyesight sufferers in the country, and if they want to be cured and be rid of the necessity for glasses that are a constant source of bother and expense, and which can never really cure their sight, they have only to write, and I will tell them of my new discovery."

MR. LEVISON HAS NO "CURE-ALL" NOSTRUM TO SELL. He says, "Write to me and I will tell you briefly and concisely whether your case is one that my new discovery will benefit, and, without hesitation, explain what my treatment is."

The Ever Increasing Tax on Eyesight.

The "MODERN MAN" of Jan. 11th, referring to an interview with Mr. Levison on this subject, says: "Since this interview with a specialist who has made the eye the study of a lifetime, and who, both in theory and practice, has done, and is doing so much to advance optical therapeutics, we have thought a good deal of a remark he made to the effect that, in the every-day and inevitable course of things, the human eye is more heavily taxed, has more work to do than it must do, than any other organ of the human body, except only the heart and the lungs. Cinematography, at its present best, is levying on it a tax it cannot afford to pay—putting on it more than it can bear—subjecting it to a strain it cannot stand."

The trend of pleasure, the exigencies of the daily round, and the keen business competition, which demands long hours and unremitting labour, impose a stupendous tax on the eyesight of the nation. Eyesight weakness is more prevalent to-day than ever before, and this but emphasises the great need there is for the expert advice and skilled treatment which Mr. John Levison's unrivalled knowledge and experience enables him to give to the many who write or call on him every day at his Institute.

It must be borne in mind that Mr. Levison will not under any conditions accept any case for treatment, whether the application is by post or in person, unless he is satisfied that his method will either completely cure, or at least lead to very considerable benefit.

Mr. Levison is not the unapproachable specialist. He is a specialist who anybody may see, but if you are unable to call at his Institute, at 64, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, London, W., to see the actual records of those who are now cured, you are invited to write to him for particulars of his wonderful treatment, or if you will tell him what is the nature of your trouble, he will explain at once whether he considers his treatment will benefit your case.

Cut out and forward for free book on Mr. John Levison's wonderful Eyesight Discovery.

TO MR. JOHN LEVISON,
64, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square,
London, W.

Please send me copy of your book on "How to Improve Weak and Failing Sight." I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

NAME .....
Address .....
"Modern Man," 25 1/13 .....

£250 IS WAITING TO BE WON FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The sensation of the past week has been the tremendous slump in National Telephone deferred on the award of twelve-and-a-half million, against which the Company claimed £21,000,000.

* * *

National Telephone Deferred Stock before the award was quoted at £138, and afterwards collapsed to £100, making a fall of 38 points. What a happy time for the bears.

* * *

We only require to get shot of war talk and peace arranged between Turkey and the allies, when a steady improvement can be looked for among Oils, Rubbers, and Rhodesian Mine and Land Shares.

* * *

I strongly advise my readers to turn their attention to these three markets and pick up the good things before the rise comes.

* * *

All shares are at a low ebb now, so you will run little risk of losing, but there is every likelihood of you pocketing nice profits in the next two or three months if you buy now.

* * *

The most likely among Oils are Spies Petroleum, Shells, Mexican Eagle and Premier Oil and Pipe Line, and among the smaller priced ones, North Caucasian Oil, Maikop Victory, Maikop Pipe Line, and Galacian Oil Trust.

* * *

From the speculative point of view in Rubber shares, buy Rubber Trust, Anglo-Malay, Linggi, or Vallambrosa.

* * *

For an improving speculative investment, we have Allagar, Bikam, Dolok, Sengat, Straits Bertam, United Sumatra, and Yam Seng. All these concerns are paying dividends which are likely to improve, with the increased output in rubber from the estates, and the shares are not overvalued at the present time.

* * *

Rhodesian looks like being one of the most active markets in the near future. The big people are making their arrangements for a boom, so it will be as well for you to secure your fancy immediately, so as to be able to sell out at a profit when fools rush in to buy.

* * *

Chartereds are well to the fore, and already enjoy a shilling or two rise, and they are good to buy now for a further 5s. increase in value.

* * *

Exploring Lands are a strong spot at 5s., and Rhodesian Central Mining at 10s. 6d. Amalgamated Properties are a good gamble at 2s. 9d., and Northern Copper are worth holding at 14s.

* * *

Willoughby Consols are good at 12s., and Surprise at 5s. will go ahead with others.

* * *

Among other mines, the best thing I know of is Casey Cobalt. When I first recommended the shares of this company they were quoted at 50s.; the price is now £3, but I am certain they are good for a further rise to £3 10s., when I should advise holders to sell.

* * *

Cobalt Townsite Silver is another good company in this group. I have just received advice that the profit for the past week was £2,999.

* * *

The most active among Industrials has been National Steam Cars. Here, again, I have put my readers on to a good thing for weeks past. The shares are now quoted at 38s., but they will still go better. Week by week the traffic return shows a big increase. There has been a lot of talk about this company joining the Speyer combine, but I think rumour is a lying jade in this case.

Readers well know my views of Marconis and the sidiaries. The shares of the parent company fell time last week to about £4, but my opinion of a fai is £2.

* * *

The Railway Market has been experiencing a so dull time the last few days. My advice to readers is advantage of the occasion to buy Districts, Metro Consols, Little Chats, and South Eastern Def.

* * *

For the convenience of readers I again give the da which the Railway Companies have intimated the announce their half-yearly dividends:—21st Jan., politan; 22nd Jan., London Brighton and South 22nd Jan., South Eastern and Chatham; 22nd Jan., Eastern; 23rd Jan., Lancashire and Yorkshire; 24th Great Central; 24th Jan., London and South-Western Jan., North Staffordshire; 28th Jan., Great North of land; 29th Jan., Highland; 31st Jan., Great Nor 31st Jan., Hull and Barnsley; 31st Jan., North-Ea 4th Feb., Caledonian; 4th Feb., Glasgow and Western; 6th Feb., North British; 7th Feb., Midland Feb., Great Western; 12th Feb., London and Western.

* * *

Just as I go to Press I hear on very excellent aut that the shares of the Malayan Tin Dredging Compa good for a big rise. The present quotation is 3, a are tipped for £10, but I daresay my readers will be to sell out at about £5.

* * *

I have been unable to thoroughly investigate the pro of this Company, but hope to have more to say abo concern next week.

* * *

Among Nigerian Tin a desperate attempt is being to work up the Anglo-Continental shares again, but my readers are too wide awake to have anything to d the concern.

* * *

I cannot help feeling that we are likely to see con able activity among tin shares in the next few months such shares as Rayfield, Siamese Tin Syndicate, Kaduna Syndicate 5s. shares should be worth buyi hold for, say, three months.

* * *

I shall always be pleased to give the name of a broker to deal with, as I cannot too strongly warn to have nothing to do with bucket-shops or brokers.

ORTHO

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

B. S. A. (Wales).—I think you would not only have difficulty in ing a loan to purchase shares, but I cannot recommend you You had much better wait until you can take a profit by shares you already hold, and then purchase some Chartered.

H. J. T. (Bristol).—I cannot recommend a purchase of St and Mexico (A) 2s. shares. You would do much better by buying quantity of Spies Petroleum 10s. shares at about 23s. 9d. You are to see a 2s. or 3s. profit here in a very short space of time, where might have to wait months before any likelihood of an appre in the price of the others.

J. G. R. (Huddersfield).—I see no real attraction in Vall Rubber shares from an investment point of view, as the yield at price is barely 10 per cent., whereas Pataling Rubber Estates at £2 show a yield of 12½ per cent., and further, in this company's output is still improving, whereas in the case of Va they will hardly realise expectations.

KNOWING ONE.—You were very wise in bearing Brazil Tracti with such a sharp rise, and I congratulate you on the profit taken by closing the transaction.

M. F. (Leighton Buzzard).—I agree we are all disappointed seeing more activity in the Oil market, but I am convinced still see better prices all round in this growing industry. I believe in Spies Petroleum, and I think they are worth purcha at about 23s 9d.

G. W. (Beckenham).—The Dolok Rubber Co. declared a 5 per dividend, and by the report Dolok looks like becoming a good 21,000 lbs. of Rubber have been harvested for the past year, majority of its revenue up to the present has been obtained from

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OVER THE ROPES.

Boxers and Their Movements.

Look out for squalls at the National Sporting Club next Monday night when Jimmy Driscoll and Owen Moran take the boards in their long-delayed match. Both are old ring generals, and it will be another instance of the survival of the fittest whichever way the scrap goes, but Jimmy, with his superlative skill, appears to have it on Owen providing he can cope with that enemy of all champions—Father Time.

* * *

The return match between Matt Wells and Hughie Mehegan on February 24th, will provide some thrills, and Matt will profit by the lesson he had in their previous slam at the Ring. On that occasion he was ill-advised to mix it with his tough rival, and paid the penalty.

However, if he takes a leaf out of Freddie Welsh's book, he should have little difficulty.

* * *

Johnny Summers is on his way to the Land of the Southern Cross, and several others of our best boys are contemplating following suit. Jim Sullivan and Sid Burns have received remunerative offers, while Billy Wells would go if he saw a chance of getting fixed up with some of the top notchers. But the probability is America for Billy.

* * *

Billy Papke and Eddie McGoorty may box in Paris shortly for the middleweight championship of the world. Mac is about the best of the bunch at present and only needs to establish himself by beating Papke and Klaus, but, like most of the American championships, chaos reigns supreme just now.

A middleweight elimination contest between Private Harris and Pat O'Keeffe comes off at the N.S.C. on February 10th. Patsey is a man who is good enough to make any of them travel, but has always been unlucky in not getting fixed up with the near champions. He has his chance now, though, and will certainly make good if it lies in his power.

* * *

The programme at headquarters to-night (Monday) includes a contest in which "Hawker Wilson," of Newcastle, has great hopes of demolishing Gus Marthuin. Wilson thinks he's the one and only White Hope, so things look rough for Gussy.

Louis Verger and Sabri Mahir met in a 20-rounds go at the Ring last Monday, in which the Frenchman walloped the Turk into retirement. Neither could box to speak about, but Verger proved the stronger, although he looked decidedly pleased when his opponent did the Turkey Trot.

THE "STAR" TURNS.

Chris. Quairless was a "straight" comedienne. Her "pals," who numbered some hundreds, called her "The Miracle"; her foes, a few scores, dubbed her "fool." Regardless of opinion of both friend and foe, Chris. serenely danced and sang her way into the hearts of the great British public. She accepted everything that came along in the matter of suppers, presents and "smokes," but knew where to stop.

Her fame had come to her suddenly, for, being called to supply a vacant "turn" at the Star Theatre of Varieties one night, she made such a hit with the audience that she found managers, interviewers, and agents taking a flattering, if financial, interest in her. The "turn" for which she deputised had been hitherto taken by a youth named Christopher Lequair, a singer of topical songs and an exponent of that shuffling peculiarity called sand dancing.

"He's a rotter," managers remarked. "His voice is too thin and his face is too chubby. He ought to have been a girl." Evidently overcome by repeated failures, Christopher suddenly disappeared from the glare of the foot-lights and the equally hard glare of managers' eyes, and Chris. appeared in his stead. Nothing was ever heard of him, and, as Chris. remarked, "It was a mystery which only time would solve."

On New Year's Eve the proprietor of the Star always gave an entertainment and supper to the performers and a novel competition was always part of the evening's programme.

On this particular night, the manager, beaming with the smile of content and champagne, announced that £50 would be presented to the guest who told the most astonishing, but true, tale. Many were the stories told, and, doubtless frequent the fibs. The last guest to entertain the company was Chris.

"Ladies and gentlemen" she said, her voice shaking with laughter—and perhaps one or two qualms—"I think that the very short announcement I am going to make will surprise you more than anything you have heard to-night, and I can also vouch for the truth of my remarks. First, I never have, and never shall marry any man"—(incredulous cries were heard)—"and secondly, dear friends, I am that rotter, Christopher Lequair. As a youth I always 'got the bird,' but, as a girl, I've managed to 'feather my nest' fairly comfortably; and now, if the manager will kindly hand me the prize-money I shall be able to make my second, and final, disappearance."

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SHAVE YOURSELF WITH OUR SAFETY RAZOR.

Winners of our Football Prize.

No. 11 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

LONG LIST OF SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

Of the matches played in connection with our No. 11 Football Competition, on the Saturday, the following had only one wrong, and therefore divide the £25 prize.

S. DEBENHAM, Ramsden Road, Godalming.
W. LOWE, 8, Rosamond Street, East, C.-on-M., Manchester.
MISS C. BLOW, 5, Bank Street, Hull.
NURSE CLARK, H.M. Prison, Knutsford.
P. HUGHES, 144 Bty. R.F.A., Aldershot.
P. MARRIOTT, South Street, Woodford Halse, Northamptonshire.
W. J. WHITE, 137, Church Road, Mitcham, Surrey.
FRANK WARE, 27, Joseph Street, Pendleton, Lancs.
J. TEMPERLEY, Old Park Terrace, Byers Green, Co. Durham.
L. PEETS, 7, Chapman Street, Oldham Road, Manchester.
F. CUTLER, 9, Ethelbert Terrace, Margate.
A. SAUNDERS, 9, Western Glower, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
ALBERT HARRISON, 28, Albert Street, Blandford, Dorset.
P. HOLLOWAY, Saintsbridge, Gloucester.
STANLEY HARRIS, Knocklong.
H. CUTHBERTSON, Longton, near Preston, Lancs.
G. SOMERWILL, 12, Broadhurst Street, Stockport.
E. RANSOME, 64, Kentish Town Road, N.W.
K. POOLE, 315, Aston Lane, Witton, Birmingham.
R. A. TAYLOR, 18, Slater Street, Oldham Road, Manchester.
S. BELL, 177, Rooley Moor Road, Rochdale, Lancs.
FRED MUSKER, 47, Caerleon Road, Newport, Mon.
W. E. STEPHENSON, 2, East Mount, Keighley.
H. WHITE, c/o St. James Restaurant, Ipswich.
GEORGE DUCKWORTH, 11, Branch Street, Nelson, Lancs.
H. DUNWOOD, 22, Holywood Road, Strandtown, Belfast.
B. E. LAWFORD, Partridge Road, Brockenhurst.
L. SHEARD, 9, Fairfield Place, Halifax.
R. C. MORRISON, Greenhill, Tenby, S. Wales.
HERBERT FOSTER, Bexton Road, Knutsford.
SIDNEY WHITE, 10, Upper Richmond Road, E. Putney.
TOM WITHERS, 106, Nora Street, Lr. Broughton, Manchester.
ALBERT KELLY, 6, Patterdale Terrace, Gateshead.
M. E. NICOLL, 70, Cavendish Street, Darwen.
E. W. LUDLOW, 6, Nelson Villas, Hadleigh Road, Leigh-on-Sea.
W. BUSS, 18, Heywood Street, Manchester.
CORPL. A. W. HIGGINS, Band, 2nd Duke of Wellington's, Dublin.
W. C. LEA, 96, Bickley Street, Mitcham Road, Tooting, S.W.
A. UPTON, 12, Chickfeley Street, Ashted, Birmingham.
A. HARPER, 47, Whitehorse Road, Croydon.
G. DOING, 55, Bedford Hill, S.W.
G. OWEN, 256, Camberwell Road, Camberwell.
A. DAY, 42, Clapham Park Road, London S.W.
H. GROOM, 335, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton.
H. HARPER, 100, High Street, Tooting.
G. SMITH, 274, Mitcham Road, Mitcham.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

A course of advertising instruction founded on "inside" knowledge of the advertising business, as acquired during years of important agency experience, is something to be sought by the earnest aspirant to advertisement-writing honours. Such a course is being provided by the British School of Advertising, and in view of the attractive opportunities presented by the profession of advertising—for the art has unquestionably earned the more dignified name—the prospectus of the school should go a long way towards solving a goodly number of examples of the ever-recurring problem "What shall we do with our boys and girls?"

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS.

The names of the eighth batch of prize-winners are:—

First prize, £1, awarded to S. L. Middleton, 1, Glebe Street, Leicester, for the "First and Last" "Afternoon Parties": "Agenda:—Scandal"; second prize, 5s., A. F. Rushton, 137, Tullieth Road, Ashton, Preston, with "Good Resolutions": "Generally Scratched." Five prizes of 2s. 6d. each are awarded to C. W. Palmer, 16, High Street, Godalming; Harold A. Fish, Trelawney, Princes Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex; C. A. Todd, 115, Dover Street, Folkestone; W. Nelson, 26, Temple Street, Wolverhampton; Evan Hughes, Boot Stores, Porth, S. Wales.

ADAM AND EVE.

Eve was a "ripper,"
Adam was a "rip."
Eve ate the apple,
And Adam got the "pip."
And now, in modern ages,
We think it right to note
That Eve "has" the voter,
Though Adam gets the vote.

RACING SELECTIONS.

This week's racing promises to be brimful of int good entries having been obtained for each of the meetings—Manchester, Newbury, and Kempton Park. is plenty of material for a good race, on the opening d the first-mentioned venue in the Ellesmere Hand Hurdle Race, which may be won by CLIMAX, who h useful record over the sticks. They are not a particu great lot in the Bury Selling Hurdle, which Mr. F Brown may take with KATHA. The Palatine Hand Steeplechase includes a few useful jumpers, of w Razorbill is probably the best, but he appears to hav his work cut out to concede weight to some of those down, and may not succeed in giving over two sto SHANAWAN, another of Mr. F. A. Brown's.

On the second day, HIMAN may be seen to the fore i Cheshire Hurdle Race. RATHNALLY, if anything like self, will win the Castle Steeplechase, and BOROUGH M the Irwell Selling Steeplechase. Later in the week I look to BLACK PLUM to win the Kempton Park Hand Steeplechase.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE K EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MES FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE F FIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESS

LOOK

YOUR FUTURE IN THE FAC

VERY few people do Some dare not.

Have you ever done so

Or do you just jog al from day to day hoping vagu for better things, for promot for better pay?

Supposing you could 10% to your earnings, that is say, make 22/- for each you are now earning, and th add another 10%, and so on. It would make a differen would it not? A big difference. Then by degrees you wou be able to look your future squarely in the face witho the fear clutching at your heart that perhaps your futu might be very dark, and without your conscience telli you that you are not taking the steps to-day which y ought to and must take to make your future SECUR

Good pay is given for good work. Good work can done only by the man who has had a good training. N merely a good general training, but a sound and practi training for his particular work.

Such a training can be given only by the men who actually engaged in *doing* that work on the most up-to-d and approved lines. It is just those men who teach students of the International Correspondence Schools.

That is why with an I.C.S. training at your back y are justified in looking your future squarely in the f *without fear.*

"The Business of the I.C.S. is to Raise Salaries."

International Correspondence Schools, Lt

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To avoid delay please use full address.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can get thorough, practical and up-to-date knowledge of the subject before wh have marked **X**, and so qualify for Better Position and Better Pay.

—Business Training	—Gas Power Engineering	—Quantity Surveyi
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—Illustrating	—Architecture	—Poultry Farming

Over 180 *Courses in all to choose from.*

Name.....

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£250 IS OUR PREMIER FOOTBALL PRIZE.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

MUFFLERS.

So many men are wearing mufflers nowadays, that I would like to point out one thing which is worthy of your attention—the way in which you put it on.

The object in wearing a muffler is seldom to keep the neck warm, but rather to keep the collar of the coat from unduly soiling the linen collar. This being so, the ideal is to arrange the muffler so that it just does its duty without exhibiting itself at all when viewed from behind.

You might attain this happy end if you spent five minutes in front of a looking glass, but, of course, you are not such a fool as to do that; therefore you hitch up your overcoat collar, swing the muffler round your neck, and trust to luck. That the result is not always what you might wish is only to be expected.

The right way to put on a muffler is to fold it till it is not more than three or four inches wide, then slip it round your neck before you put on your overcoat.

This method will prevent the muffler from bulging up at the back in ugly folds.

WHO SETS THE FASHION?

A well-known tailor who was asked to name the actual leader of fashion in men's dress, said that since the late King Edward there has not been any leader.

Crowds of men dress well, but there is no man sufficiently prominent to focus the eyes of London. The King, needless to say, is always well attired, but he has no ambitions to follow his father as the best-dressed gentleman in Europe.

Bishop Welldon recently visited the performance of "Puss in Boots" behind the scenes at the Palace Theatre, Manchester. He told the chorus girls not to think that he had come here as a kind of puss in boots. We wonder why he went there then, the gay dog!

COUNTRY KNOWLEDGE.

There is only one way to see, and become thoroughly acquainted with, the country, and that is afoot. There are undoubted and great pleasures to be had cycling, but there are greater pleasures in walking.

After a tramp of some miles, the very hedges seem to go along with you. There is a sense of activity in field and tree that suggests a race with your own footsteps. But stop short and enjoy the transformation. Your surroundings at once assume their calm repose, and unsuspected sounds and influences make themselves heard and felt which before had been frightened away by your own movement.

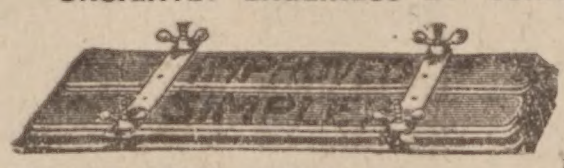
The Value of Silence.

The capacity for keeping perfectly still is one of the most valuable to the nature lover.

It is impossible to recognise, let alone to appreciate, the indescribable tide of life that flows over the bleakest winter landscape, without stopping to listen and feel its ebb and flow.

There is not one single day in the year when the earth will not yield some secret or some exquisite sensation to the man who can be still out of doors.

TREBLE THE WEAR OF YOUR TROUSERS & REMOVE AL UNSIGHTLY BAGGINESS BY USING THE SIMPLEX



In Polished 6-ply Oak, **5/9** Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs **Extra Heavy Press** to take 6 pair in 8-ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, **8/6** carriage paid, weight 14 lbs.

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown.** Full length. Take 4 pairs **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval.** Money returned next post if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List Free.

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Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1829.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, 211, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1831.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, 140, Holborn Hall, College, London, W.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Brain fag, depression, nervous exhaustion, banished, makes life worth living; inexpensive, absolutely genuine; recipe, 1s. 1d.—Address, Box 701, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

What offers! Numbers 1 to 200 "Modern Man," except No. 2; Pelman Foster Memory System, cost £2 2s.; exchange entertained. — Box 801, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why not make your own duplicating pad for copying invoices, letters, etc. Full instructions sent, 1s. 1d.—Box 800, "Modern Man." 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1826.

Amusing jokes and novelties; sample joke and catalogue, 3 stamps, post free.—Bull's Stores, 579, Battersea Park Rd., London, S.W.

Enlargements in Black and White, best finish, all sizes; my speciality from old and torn photographs; satisfaction guaranteed.—William Ames, 43, Tabor Road, Hammersmith, London, W. Price List, post free.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, 305, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1826.

Give your piano and furniture a new appearance by using Phayre's Piano Cream; 1s. 2d., post free.—18, Victoria Terrace, Swansea. A little rub does it!

Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena," "The Sure Hair Curler" 1s. 1½d., post free.—A. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1832.

Dated, January 25th, 1913.

.....Cut here.....

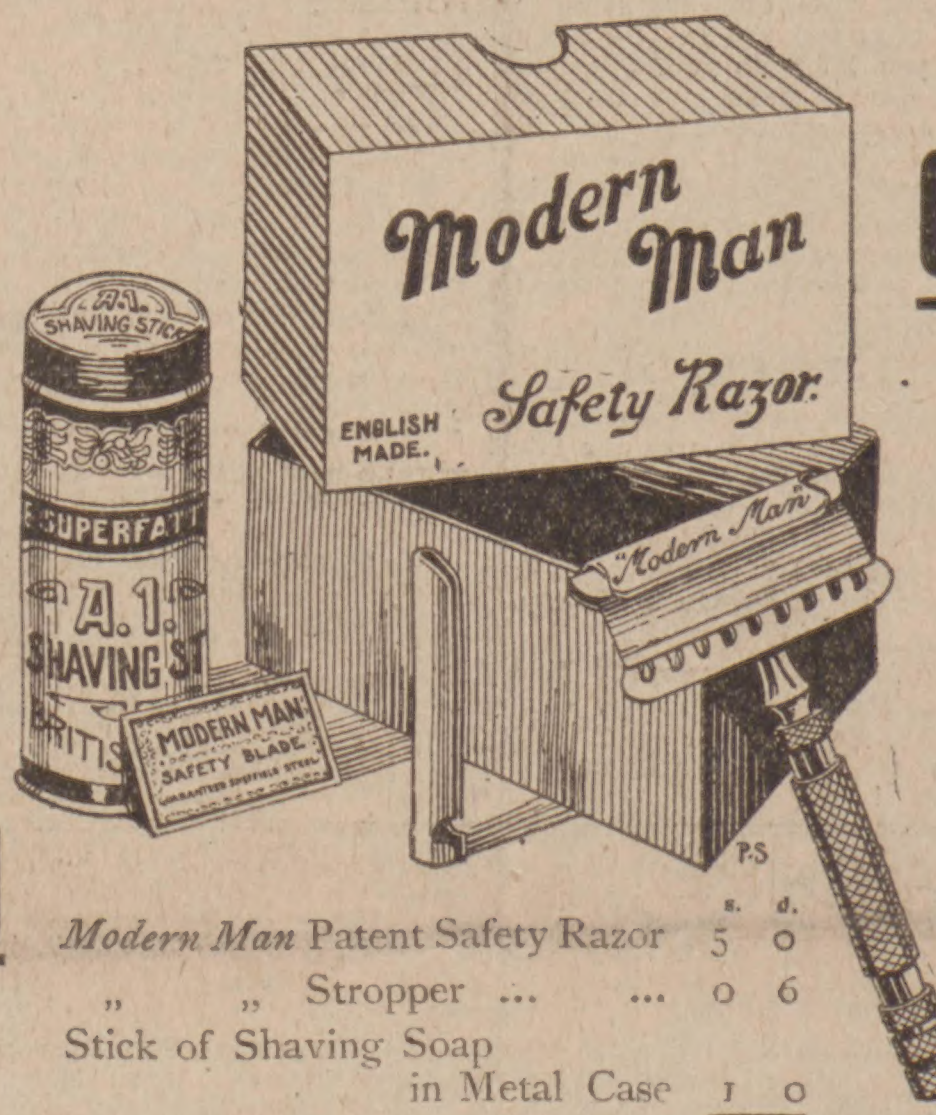
.....Cut here.....

YOU CAN SEND ANY NUMBER OF FOOTBALL COUPONS.

THE PLEASURES OF SHAVING.

What Your Editor Offers You.

6/6 for Nothing



	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
" " Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d.**

Complete Outfit FREE to all Free to My Readers.

I never dreamed when I made this Shaving Set Offer that it would meet with such an enthusiastic response. Evidently my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, there is no doubt we shall quickly have a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper, and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

Remember, all you have to do

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on page 1831. Send the six coupons to me together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE**.

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left hand corner, "Free Shaving Set."

IF YOU HAVEN'T SENT, DO SO NOW.

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